HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XVI.—No. 795.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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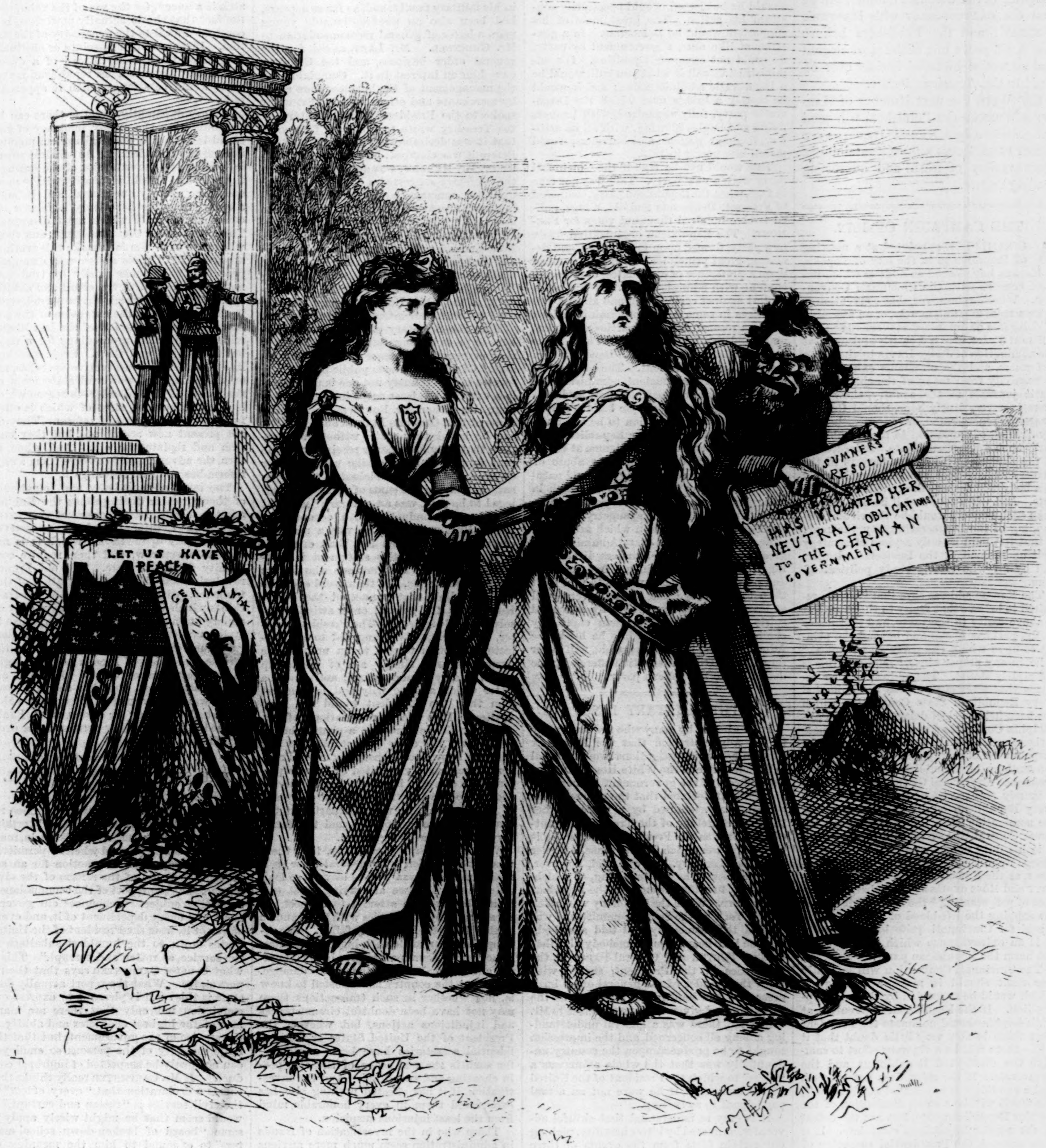
LET US HAVE PEACE
GERMANIA.
SUMNERS RESOLUTION.
HAS VIOLATED HER NEUTRAL OBLIGATIONS TO THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.
Th. Nast

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

"Nobody asked you [Carl Schurz], Sir, she [Germania] said."

"The resumption of diplomatic relations between France and Germany has enabled me to give directions for the withdrawal of the protection extended to Germans in France by the diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States in that country. It is just to add that the delicate duty of this protection has been performed by the Minister and Consul-General at Paris, and the various consuls in France under the supervision of the latter, with great kindness, as well as with prudence and tact. Their course has received the commendation of the German Government, and has wounded no susceptibility of the French."—*U. S. Grant.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 23, 1872.

☞ The Publishers of Harper's Weekly take pleasure in announcing that they will shortly commence the publication of

DORÉ'S LONDON

in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the Weekly, each containing many Magnificent Illustrations by the greatest master of the picturesque, accompanied with interesting and thrilling sketches of London life prepared by Blanchard Jerrold. This splendid work, which is published in London at the price of two dollars a number, will be sent out gratuitously with Harper's Weekly; and the Publishers believe that it will prove one of the most elegant and attractive Pictorial Serials ever offered to the American Public.

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THE CAMPAIGN OF 1872.

A COMMITTEE appointed at a meeting of Republicans in the city of Topeka, in Kansas, have issued an address which implies concert with the Cincinnati Convention. Whether, however, that convention is to be a mass-meeting merely, or an assembly of delegates of organized movements in the different States, does not clearly appear. But the nomination of Judge Davis by the Labor Reformers, and the strenuous exhortations to passivity from many of the chief Democratic journals in the country, show that there is a very lively hope, should General Grant be renominated, of concentrating every element of opposition to the Republican party upon a single candidate. Indeed, some of the shrewdest political observers in the country believe that the Democratic party as a body will sustain the Cincinnati candidate. And when told that if he be a Republican such support would be the virtual disbanding of the Democratic party, the reply is that it would be only a piece of strategy well understood by the Democratic leaders and by all who closely study political affairs.

The Kansas address says that "we are required to believe that fealty to the President is above fealty to the party, and that fealty to the party is above and beyond the principles upon which the party was founded." Who, in any proper sense, "requires" this is not clearly stated. The address further declares that a certain purpose has animated every Republican State Convention which has been held to elect delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, and that the purpose is the renomination of the President and the perpetuation of corruption. Now that State conventions of Republicans express their preference for General Grant as a candidate is merely an exercise of that liberty which every Republican ought to exercise before the nomination; and if any Republican believes General Grant to be a corrupt man, it is his duty not to vote for him. But to charge upon the Republican State Conventions, as the Kansas address of Messrs. Parrott and Ross expressly does charge, a purpose of perpetuating "the corrupt rings that are sapping the life-blood of the nation," is a zeal for Cincinnati quite beyond reason. It is an extravagance which certainly can not harm the Republican party.

The Cincinnati Convention will be really important should it make a nomination which would be supported by the entire opposition. If the Republican Convention at Philadelphia should nominate the President—as there is now very little doubt that it will—there will be a vigorous effort to combine the disaffected Republicans and the Democrats. If the effort does not succeed, and a candidate is nominated at Cincinnati, the result will be a small diminution of the regular Republican vote, but not the defeat of the regular Republican candidate. If it does succeed, the Presidential campaign of 1872 will be the Republican party against the field. On the one side will be a host composed of old Copperheads, of the Ku-Klux, of every man who in any degree hates the government and the Union, of Republicans selfishly estranged from their party, and known as "sore heads," with sincere Democrats and some Republicans who honestly believe that the re-election of General Grant would be a greater misfortune than the defeat of the Republican party. On the other side will be the great multitude of the old Republicans, with whom its principles are a political religion, who believe that it, and it alone, offers the surest guarantee of national peace, liberty, and prosperity; and with them the Republicans who are selfishly interested in the party success, and some Democrats who would rather vote for Grant than for any other Republican.

In such a campaign why should any sincere Republican, who knows that in politics the resolution only to be content with the ideally best so often baffles the practically better, support the supposed Cincinnati candidate? Let us imagine him to be a Republican, able and honorable. Let us concede that to the voter of whom we speak he seems a man more fitted for the Presidential office than the candidate of the Republican Convention. Yet the necessities of his position and the conditions of his election, should he be elected, would necessarily constrain his action. The great mass of his supporters would be Democrats. In a government like ours, a government by party, he could not escape his position. His administration, call it what you will, would be a Democratic administration; and it would be merely a bridge over which the Democratic party, fully organized, with banners flying and bugles blowing, with all its artillery, baggage wagons, and bummers, would march into power in 1873.

This would not be true if the Cincinnati party were a new party. This was not true in 1856, when the Republican party, composed of Free-soil Democrats and old Whigs, polled twelve hundred thousand votes for Fremont. The Republican organization was a new party, formed upon great issues, and declaring great principles. It was not founded upon a preference of candidates, or mere discontent with administration. It was not a protest against certain men and alleged evil practices in some details of administration; it was a reconstruction of parties upon vital and fundamental questions. There is no such situation now. The old issues, indeed, are tending to settlement. The country demands honest and efficient administration. But the mistake of the Cincinnati leaders is in supposing that the people believe honest and efficient administration to be surer under Democratic than under Republican control of the government. Gentlemen at Washington fix their eyes upon some abuse of detail until they see nothing else, and naturally believe any thing desirable which in their judgment promises to remedy that. They demand a kind of symmetry and consistency of administration which are impossible. There will be in every Administration great omissions, serious blunders, disheartening details of many kinds. But the wise and patriotic man, less anxious to find fault than to encourage and sustain every good endeavor, judging the whole by a general spirit and purpose rather than captiously challenging single acts, while he holds the Administration justly responsible, will never forget the terrible alternative offered by the defeat of the Republican party.

THE MILITARY RING.

It was hoped by many who are unfriendly to the Administration that the New York Custom-house investigations would reveal collusion between the White House and corrupt officers of the government. When Senator Schurz declared that the general order swindle was sustained by a power higher than the Secretary of the Treasury he hinted that it was the President, because he is the only power which, in that sense, is higher than the Secretary. It was said, however, that he meant the military ring, of which, according to some statements, the President is the slave. When the testimony was taken in New York by the Senate committee it was alleged that somebody had told somebody that he had heard from somebody else that General Porter and General Babcock, the secretaries of the President, shared with Leet the plunder of the general order business; and the implication was that as the President had given Mr. Leet a letter to Mr. Grinnell, there was a general understanding among all concerned, and the impression sought to be produced upon the country undoubtedly was that the whole affair was a "mess" to which the President of the United States was privy, if he were not an actual participant in swindling.

It is easy to understand that skillful advocates, animated by bitter hostility, picking out certain facts from the events of three years, asserting, insinuating, suppressing, and distorting at pleasure—as is the habit of advocates both in law and politics—might raise doubt and confusion in the mind of the reader, who depends upon their statement of what the evidence is rather than upon the evidence itself. The charge of a military ring is not new. The President, upon entering the White House, naturally wished to keep near him in confidential positions men whom he had proved elsewhere, not only as soldiers, but as men of fidelity and capacity. He retained, therefore, as secretaries two gentlemen of his military family whom he knew well and trusted entirely. There is, however, a certain jealousy in the public mind of military influence and habit in civil administration, and the selection of the President was sometimes severely criticised. But no man who understood the circumstances could be surprised at his choice, while no one who knew him could in any way suspect it of any sinister intention.

But when the contest of patronage began, as under every Administration, dark hints were thrown out, and at last the existence of the ring was openly declared. But what does the investigation show? In substance this: that just before Mr. Grinnell was appointed Collector, and when it was probably decided that he should be appointed, the President gave to Mr. Leet, who had been in his military family, and, so far as appears, had been also an unexceptionable young man, a letter of general recommendation to Mr. Grinnell. Mr. Leet asked for the general order business, and the Collector gave him an interest in it. Complaints of the management of the business were made by merchants and others, and Mr. Stewart spoke to the President. The Secretary of the Treasury wrote to Collector Grinnell that it was desirable to change the system. Before it was changed, however, a new Collector, Mr. Murphy, was appointed. Again the Secretary suggested a change. But the Collector demurred, and the Secretary, acting upon the principle that his subordinate upon the spot should be permitted to regulate the matter, did not press his suggestion. Now comes in the insinuation that it was not pressed, or that the change was not made, because the military ring, including its two heads, Generals Porter and Babcock, in the White House, and supported by the President, were interested in the swindle.

That the Secretary of the Treasury forbore to press his suggestion because of any ring or corrupt influence is simply laughable. Of all conspicuous public men of long service in this country not one is more spotless, even by the least suspicion, and in this angry time, than Mr. Boutwell. And the moment that Generals Porter and Babcock can be heard they state, without reservation, that they have never received a single cent from the profits of the general order swindle, and that the celebrated "mess," to sustain which great sums of money were alleged to be paid, was an ordinary "mess" at Washington, conducted with economy, to which Mr. Leet, while he was a member, contributed very much less than one hundred dollars. And this statement is unreservedly believed by every one who knows the two secretaries. In their word even the visionary link that connected the White House with the general order swindle dissolves and disappears. The President's letter, introducing his young aid to the Collector, although turned to an unfortunate purpose, was a simple act of friendship which is easy to understand; and it was a letter which a more wily and less honest man than the President would not have written. That the representations of Mr. Stewart did not produce a change in the system will not seem extraordinary to any one who knows how constantly every President is vehemently solicited by every representative of every interest. Apparently he decided to leave the matter to the Secretary of the Treasury, in whose department the customs service is included, and the Secretary did what he thought best.

We are not saying, certainly, that there was not corruption in the general order business, nor that it was wise to leave it so long untouched. But we are saying most emphatically that the attempt to connect the President or his secretaries with the scandals of that business has wholly failed. The attempt has been made with ingenious malice. Minor and obscure points have been elaborated and marshaled to do the utmost damage. But what the country is interested to know is, not whether in such transactions there may not have been doubtful circumstances and injudicious actions, but whether the President of the United States or his confidential secretaries have been engaged—for such is the real scope of the charge—in cheating and swindling. And the investigation, if it has effected nothing else, has exonerated them in every honorable mind from the least injurious suspicion.

Those who in the investigation of frauds in administration seem much more anxious to smear the President than to punish guilty agents ought to consider whether by so clear an exhibition of personal animosity they do not harm the cause of simple, honest reform. For if once the country believes that the cry of corruption is raised not so much to purify the service as to serve a partisan and personal end, that moment the purification of the service will become more difficult than ever before.

ENGLISH TENDENCIES.

The recent English thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and the attack upon the Queen immediately after, will undoubtedly have a certain immediate effect in checking the republican movement of which Sir Charles Dilke is the representative. There are many timid persons who would regard the imposing spectacle of the thanksgiving as an indication of the deep-seated and general loyalty of the country, and the difficulty and danger of opposing it would therefore seem to them very greatly enhanced. Still others would reflect that if the direct consequence of Sir Charles Dilke's speeches ridiculing the pomp of royalty is an attack upon the Queen, the republic had better be indefinitely postponed. Indeed, the monarchy is undoubtedly strengthened by the fact that the monarch is a queen, for the sex of the ruler, and the fact that she is actually powerless, is a constant appeal to the generosity of the nation. If there were a dissolute or obstinate king upon the throne, instead of a queen universally respected, the republican movement would be stronger than it apparently is.

We say apparently, because there can be no doubt that the steady tendency of England is toward a political system popular in form as well as in fact. As political power is equalized by the extension of the suffrage, the reason of the old inequality will be more and more sharply questioned, and in such a questioning the hereditary legislator becomes an anomaly which must disappear. The object of Sir Charles Dilke and those who agree with him is to make this truth so apparent that the old system may disappear peacefully. It holds chiefly by tradition, not by conviction. A trenchant and skillful speech, like those which Mr. Lowe delivered in the debate upon the extension of the suffrage just before the fall of the last liberal ministry, will stay proceedings for a time, but it will not end them. Such speeches, like all effective conservative speeches, are only striking and powerful statements of the reason of the old order—a reason which is familiar, but the force of which is often forgotten in the onset of reform. They do not present new arguments, but they burnish and replate the old. And when, in turn, the advancing tide sweeps them away, reform has made an actual gain.

The instinctive jealousy and impatience of theory which distinguishes the English mind is a political safeguard of very great value. The Continental reformers construct a fine theory upon reasons which it is not easy to overthrow, and then require conformity from the state. The old French revolution was the chief illustration of this tendency, with its assertion of abstract rights which it was the imperative duty of society at once to recognize and organize in systems without regard to the situation. "So much the worse for the facts," was the serious conclusion of French political logic. It has cost France dearly. England advances otherwise. But that she advances, and toward the overthrow of a system which amidst the pealing *Te Deums* of St. Paul's seemed to be as proudly permanent as ever, is indisputable.

THE SENATE AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The exigencies of debate sometimes require very doubtful statements, and certainly Senator Carpenter, from Wisconsin, must have been sorely pressed when he permitted himself to say, upon the motion for an appropriation in aid of the reform of the civil service, that the report of the commissioners upon that subject "denounces our government, and every department of it, and every officer of it, from the President of the United States down to the humblest subaltern in the service, as rotten and corrupt." This is what Senator Carpenter says that the report states. What the report actually does state is this: "It is pleasant to express our conviction not only that there are many men of the highest character and ability in the service of the government, but that the large majority of the persons so employed can not justly be suspected of improper conduct." If Mr. Carpenter really thinks that this is a declaration that "every officer" in the civil service is "rotten and corrupt," it would seem that he might wisely apply to some "board of broken-down school-masters" to expound to him the meaning of words.

Senator Logan remarked that "the law that was passed authorized the President to make certain rules, or to appoint commissioners to do so; but I do not suppose that it intended that the commission should make this kind of rules." That is possible; but the President, being authorized, thought otherwise, and, so far as he is concerned, his decision seems to dispose of the matter. Had Senator LOGAN been President, he would undoubtedly have made other rules, and he therefore very logically moved the repeal of the law which authorized the making of these. But the Senator forgot that the law really confers no new power upon the President. It is merely an expression of the assent of Congress to the exercise of powers that he already possesses. And the significance of the assent lies in the fact that Congress has long indulged in a practice which closely resembles a usurpation of that power. We do Senator LOGAN the justice to say that, being then in the House of Representatives, he denounced the law when it was introduced as the worst civil service bill ever proposed. But as the law merely recognized a power already actually vested in the Executive, Mr. LOGAN virtually conceded the authority for a most radical reform.

Senator SHERMAN stated that he was very warmly in favor of civil service reform—of some other kind than that suggested. Indeed, the harmony of Senatorial conviction that there should be a reform is only surpassed by the harmony of hostility to any experiment or method for obtaining it. Senator HAMLIN, when the President suggests that officers of the government who have been devoting extra time to the investigation of the subject should be allowed a fair compensation, asks if that is civil service reform. Yet Senator HAMLIN does not hesitate to introduce a bill to pay thirty thousand dollars to a certain sculptor to make a symbolical work in commemoration of the war.

Senator EDMUNDS in a brief speech stated very clearly the mischiefs that must necessarily arise from the present system of the civil service, founded wholly upon patronage. It necessarily destroys the independence of both the executive and legislative branches of the government. That is not to say, as Senator CARPENTER will probably suppose, that both of those branches are wholly rotten and corrupt. But the Senator from Wisconsin ought to remember that other men are fallible. Even honest men, being in the executive or legislative departments, may have measures to carry, and votes that they would like to secure, or offices that they have promised, or caucuses that they would like to control, and they may possibly sometimes forget that only fit men should be appointed to office. They may, therefore, wish to take measures to guard against the ill consequences of such forgetfulness by regulations tending to secure fit officers only. *Quis custodiet?* asks the Senator. Nobody, replies Mr. EDMUNDS. Nobody can guarantee purity of administration or perfect justice. No: we can not abolish small-pox. But shall we, therefore, refuse to adopt any sanitary measures?

THE JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

THE arrival of the Japanese embassy seems to many persons only a repetition of that of Mr. BURLINGAME from China. But there is no dispute as to the significance of the Japanese movement. The revolution in that country is one of the most extraordinary in history, and the proof of its radical and thorough character is the decision of the empire to unseal itself and seek the enlightenment of what it regards as a superior civilization. The sincerity of the effort is shown by the character and activity of the resident Japanese minister, or chargé d'affaires, in the United States, Mr. ARINORI MORI. Instead of resting in the elegant indifference which usually distinguishes the diplomatic character, the Japanese minister devotes himself with the utmost earnestness to the study of our institutions and the mastery of that knowledge which is the key of modern progress. He is still a young man, but he has borne an important part in the regeneration of the empire, and his official presence here is sufficient evidence of the trust which is reposed in him.

We spoke at the time of the speech of Governor ITO, at San Francisco, as indicating a remarkable perception of the sources of true national greatness. Among these, of course, popular intelligence is chief; and Mr. MORI is engaged in the careful consideration of our system of free schools, with the intention of introducing a similar system into Japan. The school language of that country at the present time is Chinese. The earliest lessons are learned by rote in that tongue, and they are taken from the moral classics of China. But as it is a language as foreign to the Japanese as the English, Mr. MORI does not despair of substituting the English for the Chinese as the school language of his country. In the mean time the fact that gentlemen have been invited to that country from the United States to supervise the introduction of improved agricultural and financial systems, and that the reception of such strangers is most cordial, shows again the sincerity and the scope of the Japanese revolution.

The impression thus far produced in this country by the embassy of IWAKURA and his associates is most agreeable. The chief embassador is a gentleman who would be every where conspicuous by refinement and serenity of manner, and an aspect of superior intelligence. That he is the Prime Minister of an Asiatic government, the most ancient and hitherto the least known of any, is a fact which instinctively recalls the German proverb, "Beyond the mountains are men also." The speech of IWAKURA, in response to the happy welcome of the Speaker when the embassy was received by the House of Representatives, was so peculiarly felicitous that of itself it increases the interest and respect which are already felt for the Japanese alliance:

> "MR. SPEAKER AND HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES: On behalf of the embassadors of Japan, our sovereign, and the people whom we represent, we tender to you our sincere thanks and warmest friendship. We fully appreciate the distinguished honor which places us face to face in the presence of that mighty power which rules the great American republic. Governments are strong when built upon the hearts of an enlightened people. We came for enlightenment, and gladly find it here. Journeying eastward from the empire of the sunrise toward the sunrising, we daily behold a new sunrise beyond the one we before enjoyed. New knowledge rises daily before us; and when a completed trip shall have passed in review of an encircled globe, we shall gather together our treasures of knowledge, remembering that, however we have advanced toward the sources of light, each onward move has revealed a further step beyond. The government of Japan already appreciates the value of an enlightened policy toward itself and all nations; but our united assurances on our return will confirm to the people at large the friendliness of feeling so frequently expressed heretofore, and now so generously exhibited to the embassy. In the future an extended commerce will unite our national interests by a thousand forms, as drops of water commingle flowing from our several rivers to that common ocean that divides our countries. Let us express the hope that our national friendship may be as difficult to sunder or estrange as to divide the once blended drops composing our common Pacific Ocean."

THE RELIGIOUS AMENDMENT.

MANY of the supporters of what is called the religious amendment to the Constitution feel that great injustice has been done to the movement by the press; and they protest that they should not be represented as having improperly used the name of any conspicuous gentleman as an officer of the society. We are assured by one of the most justly influential of those who are interested that more pains were taken to ascertain the views of those who composed their organization than is the usual habit, and that in the case of Governor JEWELL, of Connecticut, they were morally sure of his sympathy and co-operation. The character of our informant is sufficient evidence of the sincerity of the assertion. But our conviction in regard to the proposition itself is not changed. It would be a most unwise measure, and the general tone of the press in discussing it is undoubtedly due to the persuasion that the country would regard such a suggestion, were it apparently generally favored, as a serious blow at religious liberty.

PERSONAL.

THE Hon. DAVID DAVIS, the nominee of the National Labor Reform party, was born in Cecil County, Maryland, and is just fifty-seven years old. He graduated at Kenyon College in 1832; studied law at Harvard and Yale; went to Bloomington, Illinois, in 1835, and commenced practice; was a member of the Legislature in 1844; and in 1848 was elected judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Illinois. In 1862 President LINCOLN appointed him an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Although a very opulent man, he is quite simple in his tastes and ways, but by no means averse to the pleasant things of the table, edible and potable, and to the wit that makes the table a very agreeable place of resort. Take the Supreme Court as it stands, and it would be difficult to get together nine abler or more genial men than are now upon the bench.

—Governor HOFFMAN informs the Legislature that there are two vacant niches in the old Hall of Representatives at Washington waiting to be filled up with statues of the illustrious departed of this State, and recommends that an appropriation be made to fill them with the "counterfeit presentments" of Governor GEORGE CLINTON and ROBERT FULTON.

—Mr. WILLIAM L. STONE, who is favorably known as the author of the "Life of Sir William Johnson" and the editor of the *College Review*, has in press a history of the city of New York from the earliest to the latest times. It will be full of interesting anecdote and reminiscence, and will recover all that can yet be traced of the fast vanishing romance of the city. Mr. STONE'S antiquarian interests and literary sympathies, with his habits, that may be called hereditary, of historical research, justify the expectation of a very entertaining and valuable work.

—An amusing incident occurred in the House of Representatives a few days since, when a division of the House was demanded. The chairman appointed General BUTLER and General FARNSWORTH tellers. These two gentlemen are not on speaking terms, and when they met in front of the clerk's desk they did not observe the usual custom of shaking hands, whereupon some member, wishing to carry on the joke, insisted upon introducing them. BUTLER was unwilling to look at FARNSWORTH, while the latter refused to recognize BUTLER. They stood looking away from each other, without speaking, to the great amusement of the members who are familiar with their peculiar relations. Each tried to ignore the presence of the other, and each announced the count of his side without consultation or agreement. Fortunately for FARNSWORTH he could not tell whether BUTLER was looking at him or not. He has an impression that occasionally BUTLER went one eye on him, but he is not sure of this; for sometimes it seemed as if BUTLER was looking in two or three different directions at once. The affair passed off without any personal collision.

—We find this curious "personal" in a London paper, published one hundred and thirty-seven years ago: "Letters from Holderness, in Yorkshire, mention the following remarkable inscription on a tombstone, newly erected in the church-yard of Heydon: 'Here lieth the body of WILLIAM STRUTTON, of Padrington, buried the 18th of May, 1734, aged 97, who had by his first wife 28 children, and by a second wife 17; own father to 45, grandfather to 86, great-grandfather to 97, and great-great-grandfather to 23: in all 251.'"

—In 1862 Messrs. CLARK & MAYNARD, booksellers, of this city, suspended payment, compromised with their creditors, and resumed business. A few days since they inclosed to each of their old creditors, who had voluntarily released all legal claim upon them, a check to make good the full amount of the original debt. That is the custom of good booksellers.

—Bishop SELWYN was so much of a success with the Episcopalians when he came over to witness the sessions of the General Convention of the P. E. Church that the authorities of the Board of Missions have invited the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. MAGEE, to visit this country next October, and preach the annual sermon before the board. Bishop M. was consecrated nearly four years ago. He is one of the most popular preachers in England. He speaks entirely without notes; but, after the most careful preparation in private, makes the final adjustment of his discourse when he perceives the character and feels the inspiration of his audience.

—English papers received by last steamer contain intimation that the government contemplates recalling Sir EDWARD THORNTON from Washington, and sending out another minister.

—LISZT has met the fate of all great musical geniuses in Europe—accepted a pension. The figure is six thousand florins a year. The payor is the Hungarian government.

—Precisely what BISMARCK thinks about the recent outburst of English papers and English politicians relative to the treaty may be inferred from a conversation between that personage and one of the representatives of the city of Hamburg in the German Parliament, published in the *Kielen Gazette*. To the latter gentleman the prince said, "Never fear, there will be no war. I have necessarily been obliged to devote much attention to the subject, and I have no hesitation in saying now that England is again clearly in the wrong, as it was during the American war, from which these claims of the United States have arisen. It seems to me all nations have an interest in putting down such practices as those for which the United States demand an indemnity. Eight or ten years ago I made no secret of my conviction that the English government would eventually have to pay very dearly for its singular conduct during the American war, and, I believe, I repeatedly communicated my views on the subject to Mr. WRIGHT, the American minister, as well as to the representative of the English government. And when I read the text of the Treaty of Washington I thought that England would have to pay a very heavy bill, but that, nevertheless, she would be thankful to extricate herself even at such a price from an exceedingly unpleasant, not to say dangerous, predicament. It is surely far better for a power that has plenty of money at its command to make pecuniary sacrifices, be they ever so heavy, than to plunge for a manifestly unjust cause into a long, a doubtful, a terrible war. I am sure that this opinion will prevail in the long-run in England, and that the threats of hostilities will speedily die away. I have no direct information as to the intentions of the Washington cabinet; but, to my mind, the case is so clear that one can not have much difficulty in guessing the policy which it will adopt. Therefore I believe I can assure your merchants at Hamburg that there is no cause for apprehending more serious complications."

—JOHN BRIGHT'S health is so far from being re-established that his friends fear he will not be able to attend the present session of Parliament, and that he will never be able to take his old share of public work.

—M. VICTOR PLACE, late consul-general of France in this city, and now serving a two years' term of imprisonment for cheating his government in the purchase of arms, when proved on the trial to have accepted bribes, uniformly answered, "Ah, yes; but that was in the United States, and the Americans all do that."

—SAMUEL HARRIMAN, of St. Croix, Wisconsin, retired from scenes of blood at the close of our recent war with the rank of brevet brigadier. "Good-by, general," were the parting words of his old comrades in the army. "How are you, colonel?" was the salutation on reaching Wisconsin. As he neared home it came down to "How are you, cap?" And finally, when he came among the boys at home, he was greeted with, "Hello, Sam! got back again?"

—The promotion of Captain T. S. CURTIS to the command of the Havana steamship *Morro Castle*, of which vessel he was first officer for several years, was a deserved recognition of his skill and courage as a seaman, as especially exhibited in his handling of the ship during a recent storm of almost unexampled duration and severity. The passengers on that trip testified their appreciation of his seaman-like qualities by the presentation of an elegant United States chronometer-watch, appropriately inscribed. The captain well deserves all his honors.

—Indian chiefs are becoming "good Indians." SILAS WRIGHT, chief of the Cherokee Nation, is a Presbyterian preacher; LEWIS DOWNING, chief of the Choctaws, and JOHN JUMPER, chief of the Seminoles, are Baptist preachers, and SAMUEL CHECOL, chief of the Creek Nation, is a Methodist preacher.

—The late ISAAC RICH, of Boston, very opulent and very benevolent, was valiantly contested for during his last hours by two medical men of opposing schools. The spectacle was an unseemly one. No skill could have saved the suffering man. He was beyond cure. But one of these gentlemen, supposing he had some sort of pre-emption right, or full legal title to put medicine into Mr. R., hung on to him like "the king of terrors to a deceased African." Go he would not, although notified that his room was more desired than his remedies. It is gossiped in Boston that the change in the doctors who practiced was made at the suggestion of the doctors who preach, and that the patient breathed his last leaving the D.D.'s and M.D.'s in animated conflict. That is the way they do in Boston. It is different here.

—Few living writers of fiction have been rewarded with a swifter public recognition of merit than Mr. B. L. FARJEON, the author of "Grif," "Joshua Marvel," and "Blade-o'-Grass." His first book at once attracted attention by its novelty of design and fresh and vigorous style. The high expectations it awakened were fully realized in "Joshua Marvel," while his exquisite and pathetic Christmas story was received on both sides of the Atlantic with an enthusiasm like that which used to greet the holiday stories of CHARLES DICKENS. Like some of his literary *confrères*, Mr. FARJEON, by way of diversion from the concentrated labor of writing books, occasionally dashes off a lively, sparkling newspaper letter, like the one recently published in our entertaining and popular contemporary, the *Home Journal*. This excellent family newspaper, established more than a quarter of a century ago by MORRIS & WILLIS, maintains a well-earned reputation as a chronicler of social, literary, and artistic matters.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A DEPUTATION of wool-growers waited upon the House Committee on Ways and Means, March 4, to urge a reduction of duties on manufactured goods to thirty per cent. ad valorem, and the removal of all duties on raw wool. In the Senate, March 5, the following-named committee was appointed to investigate the alleged French arms sales by the United States government: Hamlin, Carpenter, Sawyer, Logan, Ames, Harlan, and Stevenson. The Senate Committee on Commerce was instructed, March 7, to investigate the subject of immigration, and the treatment of immigrants by the railroad companies. Both the Senate and House committees were engaged in the inquiry about the sales of arms to France.

In the Senate, March 8, the statues of Jonathan Trumbull and Roger Sherman were presented by the Connecticut Senators for places in the new hall set apart for that purpose. On the same day the House voted to give a bounty of $100 to soldiers (and their widows and orphans) who enlisted on or before August 6, 1861.

The Japanese embassadors were presented to the President March 4. The chief embassador made a friendly speech, to which President Grant replied in appropriate terms. In the evening the embassy enjoyed a reception given by Hon. James Brooks, of New York, and on March 6 they were received by the House of Representatives.

Jayne's Building, in Philadelphia, was nearly destroyed by fire March 4, involving a loss of more than $200,000, fully covered by insurance.

March 5 was an intensely cold day throughout the Northeastern States. The thermometer fell below zero—at Watertown, New York, 34°, at Ogdensburg 32°, at Albany 15°, at Troy 14°, at Boston 6°, and a dispatch from Mount Washington reports the thermometer 40° below, and the wind blowing at the rate of 100 miles per hour. Throughout the Dominion of Canada also the cold is unusually severe, the thermometer ranging from zero to 22° below.

The schooner *Clara Bell*, of Rockland, was lost in a gale off Cape Cod March 5, and six of her crew perished.

Rear Admiral J. Polo de Barnabé has been appointed Spanish embassador to Washington.

Three passenger cars on the New York Central Railroad were thrown from the track near Buffalo March 7. Fourteen persons were injured.

Several members of the Jersey City government were arrested, March 5, and held to bail for offenses similar to those for which the New York Ring was indicted.

A bill to reduce the fare on George Law's ferries from New York to Williamsburg to two cents, and compelling the substitution of better boats, was lost in the Assembly March 6.

In the State Senate of New York a bill was introduced, March 6, to abolish capital punishment and substitute imprisonment for life.

In the New York State Assembly, March 8, a bill was reported preventing appropriations to sectarian schools. The New York Charter Election bill was reported favorably on the same day.

FOREIGN NEWS.

COUNT VON ARNIM has been recalled from Paris to Berlin to report on the stability of the present government of France.

Ten thousand operators in the flax-mills of Leeds are on a strike for a reduction of their time to nine hours a day.

The Grand Duke Alexis and suit were handsomely entertained in Havana, March 3, by Colonel Zuelata, of the Volunteers, and in the evening of the same day the distinguished party attended a ball gotten up for them by the aldermen of the city. A grand ball was given them by the Spanish navy March 6.

A dispatch from Calcutta states that the Looshai expedition having accomplished its objects, peace will soon be proclaimed.

Ex-President Roye, of the Liberian Republic, who had escaped from prison, where he was confined for illegal acts, sought to swim out to the English steamer *Thames*, lying in the harbor of Monrovia, and was drowned in the effort.

M. Pouyer-Quertier resigned as French Minister of Finance March 5.

Mild shocks of earthquake were felt throughout Central Europe March 6.

M. Minghetti has been sent from Rome by Victor Emanuel on a private mission to M. Thiers regarding the temporal power.

Père Hyacinthe declines to be a member of the Protestant Bible Society, but urges them to persevere.

In the Prussian Diet, March 6, Prince Bismarck made a strong speech on the School Inspection bill, fiercely attacking the Catholic clergy. He told the conservatives that if they agreed with the government the government would not disagree with them.

Queen Victoria has rewarded her faithful attendant, John Brown, who recently exhibited great activity in arresting her assailant, O'Connor. She allows him a pension of £25 per annum, and gives him a gold medal commemorative of the event.

The German Kaiser, on the anniversary of the entry into Paris, has liberally distributed a portion of the milliards among the chief generals of the empire. Prince Charles, Von Moltke, Von Roon, Manteuffel, and the Duke of Bavaria have received each 300,000 thalers.

The German government has just discovered that the Pope has secretly appointed the Archbishop of Posen Primate of Poland.

A commission of medical men has decided that Arthur O'Connor, who assaulted Queen Victoria, is not a madman, but an enthusiastic Fenian.

The steamer *City of Washington* was towed into Cork Harbor, March 8, in a disabled condition, after a voyage from New York of twenty days.

The French Assembly, March 8, rejected the proposition of Deputy Brunet to erect on the hill of Trocadero a temple to Jesus Christ "as a testimony of belief in God, necessary for the national regeneration."

CHINESE COOLIES IN CUBA.

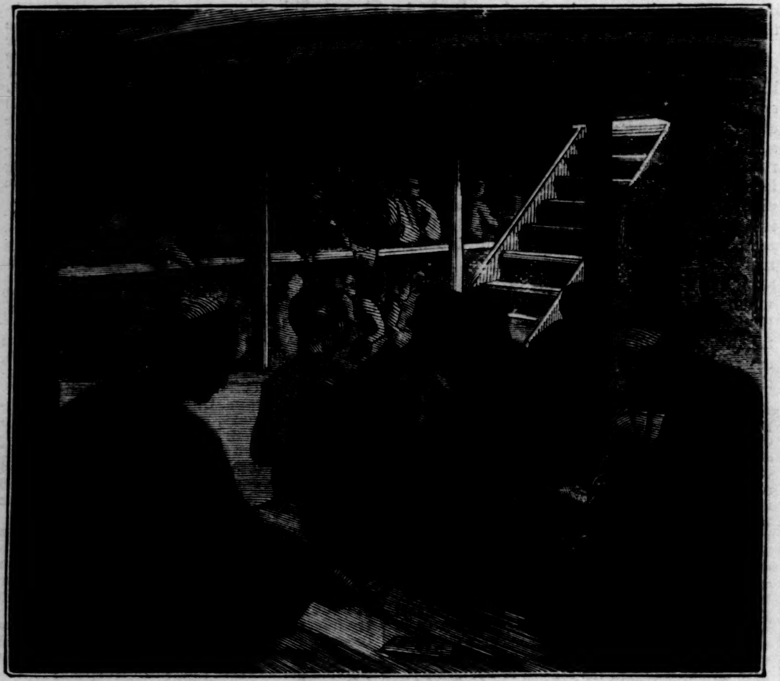
The recent decree of the Captain-General of Cuba, virtually enslaving the Chinese coolies in that island, has been received with well-merited indignation by all the civilized world as one of the grossest violations of human rights perpetrated in modern times. By this decree all the Chinamen in Cuba, numbering about 35,000, are required to select masters, for whom they will be compelled to labor at the rate of $4 per month. Those who fail to comply will be arrested and set to work under government for life, or until they select masters. The decree includes even those who have worked out their eight years' indenture, and were preparing to return to their native country. From this time until the repeal of the decree no Chinaman will be permitted to leave the island. The enforcement of the decree is confided to a commission of thirteen, appointed by the Captain-General, at the head of which is a successful African slave-dealer, and the poor Chinamen may hope for no mercy at their hands.

The cooly traffic abounds in terrible abuses. All the Chinamen received in Cuba are shipped from Macao, a port off the south coast of China belonging to Portugal. The parties authorized by the Spanish government to engage in the trade employ a number of agents in that port, and these in turn employ runners to go into the neighborhood of the place and interior of China to hunt up Chinamen willing to indenture themselves for eight years' service in Cuba at $4 per month, with clothing, lodging, a certain quantity of specified food, and medical attendance thrown in. The Portuguese authorities permit the traffic, as it is a very profitable one for them, but under apparently fair regulations. The agents at Macao are obliged to have an accepted place of reception for the engaging Chinamen, and before these last enter they are asked whether they do so freely and willingly. If they reply in the negative, they are then sent back home. Not sooner than three days afterward the same Chinamen sign the contracts of indenture with the agents, acting in behalf of their companies or principals, but a Portuguese official must be present to satisfy himself they sign freely and willingly, knowing what are the obligations they assume. If any do not desire to sign, they are immediately released and allowed to go home. And finally, when the vessel is cleared, another Portuguese official ascertains once more their willingness to go to Cuba, and all those declaring themselves unwilling are at once brought ashore and sent home. The questions and explanations, however, are generally hurriedly made, in almost incomprehensible Chinese, so that the engaging coolies really do not know what is asked of them and told them, and so failing to reply, their silence is taken for consent.

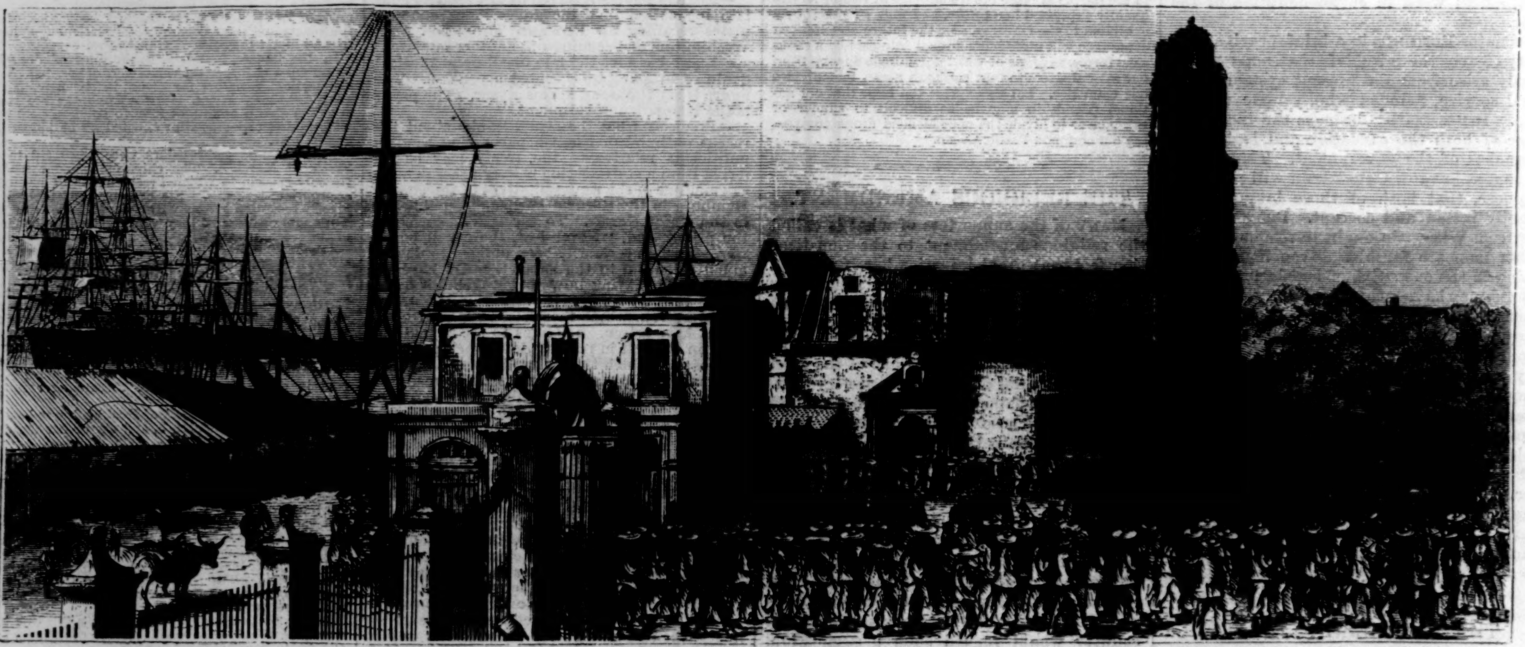
Sailing vessels, under French or Spanish colors, are almost exclusively employed in transporting coolies, who are packed like animals between-decks, as shown in our illustration. As the captain receives $5 per head for every Chinaman landed alive in Cuba, it is for his interest to see them well treated on the way. Nevertheless the mortality among them is often very great. On arriving at Cuba the vessel goes to Mariel, a small port a few miles west of Havana, to undergo a quarantine of ten days, or of longer duration if during the voyage there has been an unusual amount of sickness among the coolies. The quarantine over, the vessel proceeds to Havana to land her human cargo. Those who have been contracted for are received on their arrival by their masters; the others are taken to barracks a few miles from the city, to be guarded until disposed of.

The sale of the cooly is made by a regular transfer, before a properly qualified Spanish official, of the contract of indenture made at Macao to the purchasing party, but without the assent or presence of the cooly. He is, after landing, for his term of indenture simply human property, transferable from one owner to another without regard to his will, and it does often happen that during the eight years of his indenture a cooly is thus unceremoniously made to change masters more than half a dozen times. The prices paid for Chinamen of eight years' indenture vary very much, all the way from $200 to $500, depending mostly upon their physical condition. A Chinaman held for the full term of course sells for more than one having worked off one year of his indenture; so, too, one with seven years is worth more than one having but six years to serve, all things otherwise being equal; and thus they continue decreasing in marketable value as their day of release from bondage approaches. It often happens that a large number of sick, weak, and puny Chinamen remain in the barracoons a long time, unsalable upon the ordinary terms on account of their bad physical condition. Not to incur too great expenses for them, the parties introducing them sell them by the dozen or more for what they may bring. And this has given rise to a strange speculation. Certain Spaniards buy these Chinamen for a small amount per capita, take them to private infirmaries, and by careful nursing and good medical attendance—for every Chinaman is then for them a darling representing prospective gains of 500 per cent. or more on invested money—cure a large percentage, and afterward realize large profits by selling these restored-to-health coolies. One Spaniard of Havana is known to have cleared over a quarter of a million of dollars in a few years by this strange speculation in human flesh.

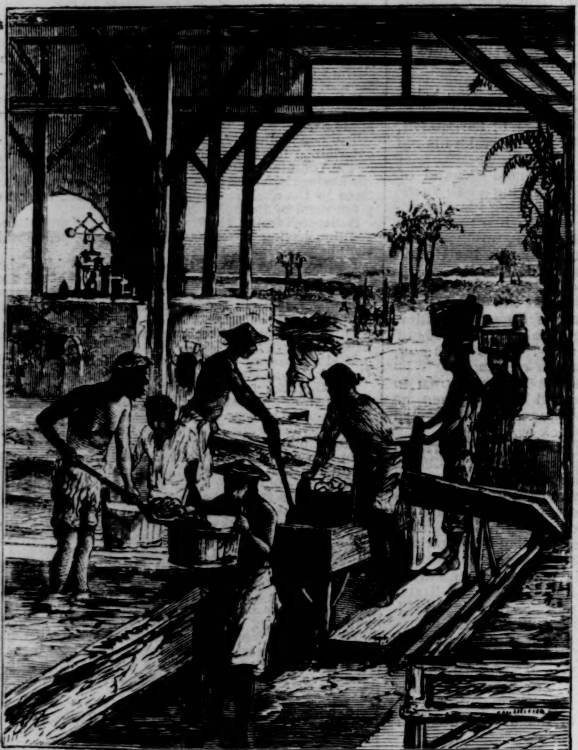
Most of the imported Chinamen are employed in agricultural pursuits—sugar-cane-raising principally. Many, however, are also employed as



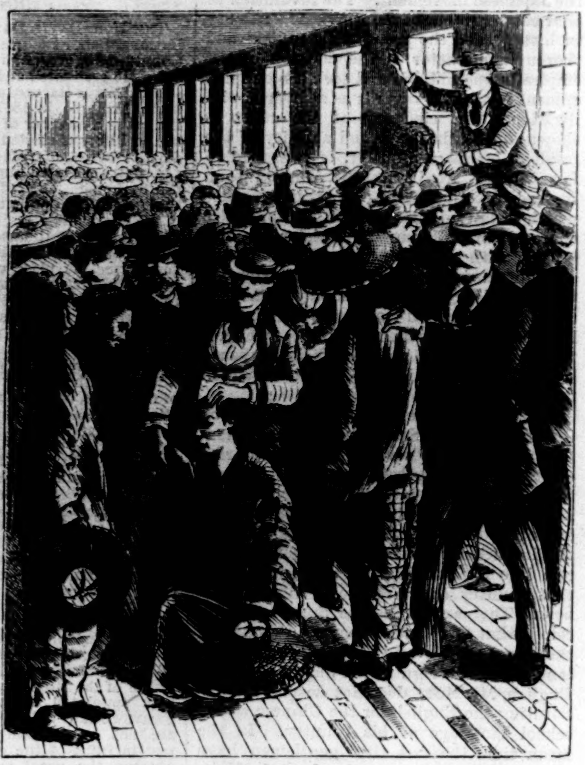
BETWEEN-DECKS.



LANDING AT HAVANA.



SUGAR-MAKING.



AUCTION OF THE SICK AND LAME.

THE COOLY TRADE IN CUBA.—[From Sketches and Photographs by C. D. Fredricks and E. & H. T. Anthony.]

servants, cooks, washers, cigar-makers, and other occupations non-agricultural. They generally give satisfaction to their employers, being little addicted to idleness or laziness, and intelligent. They soon pick up sufficient Spanish to understand directions given about their work, and to make themselves understood in return. Though not very hard to manage, they are themselves, however, any thing but satisfied or contented with their lot under this indenture. They soon discover that the treatment they receive is not, indeed, the one they anticipated. Social ostracism from the whites, undisguised dislike from the blacks, and vexatious police regulations join with the hard laws of indenture to replace their pleasant speculations for the future with bitter realities.

The treatment of the coolies differs from that of the negroes in this, that the punishment of the lash is not inflicted. Strike a cooly, and he will avenge himself by murder or by burning a building. In other respects they are under the same laws which govern the negro slaves. One cause of dissatisfaction is the fact that free Chinamen earn from ten to fifteen dollars a month, while those who work under contract receive only the four dollars for which they were indentured. The recent decree will scarcely modify their resentment, while it must awaken the worst passions in those who are reduced to slavery.

BROOKLYN ART ACADEMY.

The directors of the Brooklyn Art Association a few years since, desiring to build a beautiful and effective edifice for art purposes, found themselves confronted by a difficult problem. Their building site had a frontage of fifty feet, while the Academy of Music, adjoining (a very massive structure), had some three or four times that extent, and bade fair to render insignificant the lesser façade.

Of the architectural designs submitted for the new building that of Mr. J. **Cleaveland Cady** seemed to the directors to meet and overcome the difficulties of the situation, and was unanimously adopted. Its theory was to contrast the new building with the Academy of Music in almost every respect, but in such a manner that the contrasts should be harmonious, and to the advantage of both buildings, while rendering the art building particularly conspicuous. The Academy of Music, in the Gothic style, built of a deep red brick, simple and massive in treatment, was to serve as a foil to a building also in the Gothic style, but much more ornate, built of the most delicately tinted stones, elaborately wrought, an exterior full of life, without pettiness, and rising with picturesque sky lines considerably above the surrounding buildings. The most careful treatment was required to preserve the breadth, give suitable loftiness, and a commanding character on the site described. Pecuniary difficulties in the outset embarrassed the undertaking so costly a building, which was to represent as fully as possible the best art of the period; but at length these difficulties were overcome by the energy of the directors, to the relief of all concerned. Mr. H. M. **Congdon** became associated with Mr. **Cady** in the work, which, on account of its character, demanded unusual time, thought, and watchfulness.

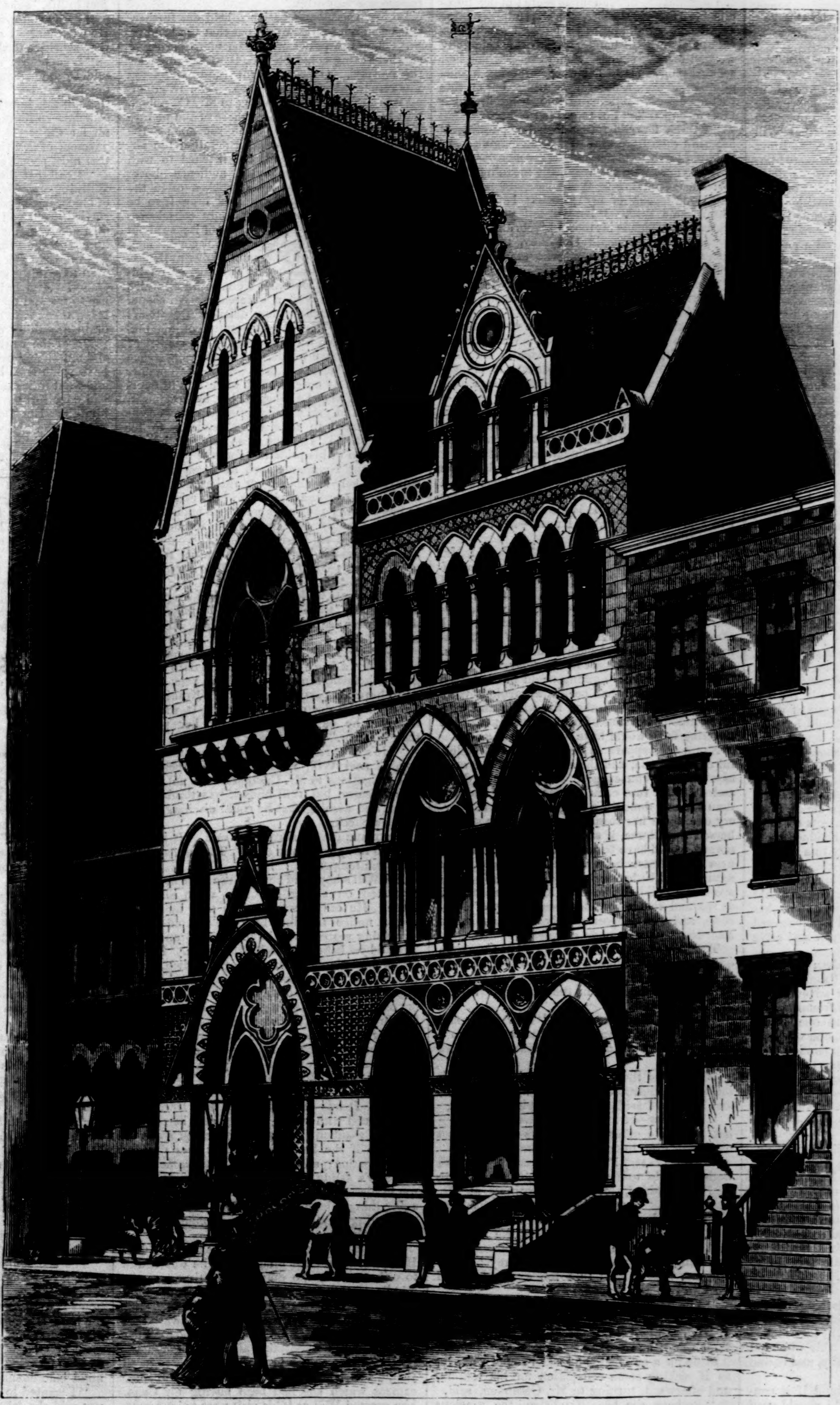
As has been said, the exterior is of delicately colored stone, some seven varieties being used; but the contrasts are so soft and subdued as in no way to take from the repose and dignity of the building. A considerable portion of the stone was imported from the celebrated Kimmore quarries of Scotland.

The façade abounds in beautiful sculpture, representing both nature and art. The great entrance has nine polished granite columns supporting highly decorated arches, and a tympanum with a panel yet uncut, for which **Karl Müller**, the sculptor, has designed a bass-relief representing a legend of the life of **Michael Angelo**. Other openings have shafts of Pennsylvania serpentine. The tower rises to a height of 110 feet over the main entrance, terminating in a quaint and picturesque gable. The building in its basement and first stories gives accommodation for directors' rooms, art schools, lobbies, and offices. The great gallery (70 by 50 feet, and 30 feet in height) is on the second floor, and also a smaller gallery (25 by 30). Over the latter is a gallery for sculpture of similar size.

Still higher up are the janitor's apartments, etc. The tower contains the principal stairway, and has been made a striking feature of the building. Its interior walls are lined with a delicate buff brick, with patterns in red and Nova Scotia stone, its floors tiled, its windows filled with stained glass of the choicest character, and the stairway itself massively built of oak and mahogany, the newel posts surmounted by carved griffins and dragons. The wood-work throughout the building is of oak, mahogany, and butternut, the various galleries and passages being heavily wainscoted with it.

The main gallery communicates with the Academy of Music by a large arched doorway, so that the entire resources of both buildings can be combined when desired.

The opening of this fine structure was celebrated on the 11th inst. by an exhibition which was unique in the history of American art. The committee of the Art Association aimed to make it a complete chronological exhibition of the progress of the fine arts in this country, from early colonial times to the present day, and their efforts were successful beyond their most sanguine anticipations. By diligent correspondence and personal effort they were able to obtain, from different parts of the country, many works of historical as well as art interest which have never been collected in any previous exhibition. Among them were many old portraits which had been preserved in private families. The responses from the owners of works from the hands of early American painters were very liberal, and every epoch was represented by characteristic specimens. Among the most interesting of the early works in the collection were the **Trumbull** pictures, owned by Yale College, New Haven. The exhibition included also a large number of works by living American artists. Taken altogether it was one of the most remarkable and important collections ever gathered at one place in this country.



NEW ACADEMY OF THE BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION.—[Photographed by Charles H. Williamson, Brooklyn.]

ACCIDENT TO THE BOSTON EXPRESS.

Since the terrible accident at the South Norwalk bridge many years ago the roads between New York and Boston have been free from serious disasters. About half past one o'clock on Friday morning, March 8, however, an accident occurred, fearful in character and miraculous in its results. The express train which left Boston at 9 p.m. was composed of the engine, express, mail, baggage, smoking, and day-passenger cars, and three sleeping-cars. At a point between Thompsonville and Springfield, about two miles below the latter place, the road follows a sharp curve made by the Connecticut River. At this point the embankment is from thirty to forty feet in height. Here the engine struck a broken rail, but passed over with the express car in safety. The mail car broke from the couplings, and pitched headlong down the embankment, crashing through the telegraph poles and trees, rested on its top, and took fire from the stove or kerosene lamps. The baggage car followed, and sank to its bed in the river; the smoking-car, filled with men, and the day car, every seat occupied by men, women, and children, rolled over the embankment, and stopped within a few feet of the frozen river. The three sleeping-cars were thrown from the track, but hung on the verge of the declivity. Remarkable to relate, no one was killed outright, though some twenty were wounded, of whom two were so seriously injured that their death is probable. The express train from New York took the passengers of the unlucky train to Springfield, whence they were conveyed to this city. On page 236 we give a sketch of the wrecked cars lying at the foot of the bank.

PLANTING HAIR.

Mr. G. H. **Lewes** tells a story of a gentleman who, under the scissors, said something about his thinning locks being caused by the development of his brains. "Excuse me, Sir," remonstrated the barber, "but you are laboring under a mistake. The brains permeate the skull, and encourage the growth of the hair—*that's what they're for, Sir.*" The author of a recent treatise on the restoration of hair mentions a mode which certainly has the merit of strangeness. The growth of hair, he tells us, is perfectly analogous to ordinary vegetation. As a plant grows, so does the hair. It is rooted, derives its sustenance from the soil and the air that surrounds it. The color or density of hue in a plant is determined greatly by the amount of moisture in its structure. So with the hair. And in order to replace hair which has fallen off he resorts to a system of replanting. The operation, he says, is unattended with inconvenience, and is performed by placing healthy and suitably colored hairs into the eyes of needles, which needles are then put through the upper skin—the epidermis. Being drawn through, the hairs are left in the skin, just as a thread might be left in any material by a stitcher. The roots, which have been extracted with their bulbs complete, are, of course, brought under the epidermis. The hairs are left there, protected at the time by a band of soft linen. They are at first dealt with delicately by the comb, but in a few days will be found "all a-growing," and as hardy as their neighbors. The idea is certainly ingenious; but the writer omits to tell us how his patients like being subjected to a course of treatment resembling the larding of a *fricandeau*, and whether the consequences are not occasionally disastrous.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book II.

OLD AND YOUNG.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Nous causâmes longtemps; elle était simple et bonne.
Ne sachant pas le mal, elle faisait le bien;
Des richesses du cœur elle me fit l'aumône,
Et tout en écoutant comme le cœur se donne,
Sans oser y penser, je lui donnai le mien;
Elle emporta ma vie, et n'en sut jamais rien."
—ALFRED DE MUSSET.

WILL LADISLAW was delightfully agreeable at dinner the next day, and gave no opportunity for Mr. Casaubon to show disapprobation. On the contrary, it seemed to Dorothea that Will had a happier way of drawing her husband into conversation, and of deferentially listening to him, than she had ever observed in any one before. To be sure, the listeners about Tipton were not highly gifted! Will talked a good deal himself, but what he said was thrown in with such rapidity, and with such an unimportant air of saying something by the way, that it seemed a gay little chime after the great bell. If Will was not always perfect, this was certainly one of his good days. He described touches of incident among the poor people in Rome, only to be seen by one who could move about freely; he found himself in agreement with Mr. Casaubon as to the unsound opinions of Middleton concerning the relations of Judaism and Catholicism; and passed easily to a half-enthusiastic half-playful picture of the enjoyment he got out of the very miscellaneousness of Rome, which made the mind flexible with constant comparison, and saved you from seeing the world's ages as a set of box-like partitions without vital connection. Mr. Casaubon's studies, Will observed, had always been of too broad a kind for that, and he had perhaps never felt any such sudden effect, but for himself he confessed that Rome had given him quite a new sense of history as a whole: the fragments stimulated his imagination, and made him constructive. Then occasionally, but not too often, he appealed to Dorothea, and discussed what she said, as if her sentiment were an item to be considered in the final judgment even of the Madonna di Foligno or the Laocoön. A sense of contributing to form the world's opinion makes conversation particularly cheerful; and Mr. Casaubon, too, was not without his pride in his young wife, who spoke better than most women, as indeed he had perceived in choosing her.

Since things were going on so pleasantly, Mr. Casaubon's statement that his labors in the Library would be suspended for a couple of days, and that after a brief renewal he should have no further reason for staying in Rome, encouraged Will to urge that Mrs. Casaubon should not go away without seeing a studio or two. Would not Mr. Casaubon take her? That sort of thing ought not to be missed: it was quite special: it was a form of life that grew like a small, fresh vegetation with its population of insects on huge fossils. Will would be happy to conduct them—not to any thing wearisome, only to a few examples.

Mr. Casaubon, seeing Dorothea look earnestly toward him, could not but ask her if she would be interested in such visits: he was now at her service during the whole day; and it was agreed that Will should come on the morrow and drive with them.

Will could not omit Thorwaldsen, a living celebrity about whom even Mr. Casaubon inquired, but before the day was far advanced he led the way to the studio of his friend Adolf Naumann, whom he mentioned as one of the chief renovators of Christian art, one of those who had not only revived but expanded that grand conception of supreme events as mysteries at which the successive ages were spectators, and in relation to which the great souls of all periods became as it were contemporaries. Will added that he had made himself Naumann's pupil for the nonce.

"I have been making some oil-sketches under him," said Will. "I hate copying. I must put something of my own in. Naumann has been painting the Saints drawing the Car of the Church, and I have been making a sketch of Marlowe's Tamburlaine Driving the Conquered Kings in his Chariot. I am not so ecclesiastical as Naumann, and I sometimes twit him with his excess of meaning. But this time I mean to outdo him in breadth of intention. I take Tamburlaine in his chariot for the tremendous course of the world's physical history lashing on the harnessed dynasties. In my opinion that is a good mythical interpretation." Will here looked at Mr. Casaubon, who received this off-hand treatment of symbolism very uneasily, and bowed with a neutral air.

"The sketch must be very grand if it conveys so much," said Dorothea. "I should need some explanation even of the meaning you give. Do you intend Tamburlaine to represent earthquakes and volcanoes?"

"Oh yes," said Will, laughing, "and migrations of races and clearings of forests—and America and the steam-engine. Every thing you can imagine!"

"What a difficult kind of short-hand!" said Dorothea, smiling toward her husband. "It would require all your knowledge to be able to read it."

Mr. Casaubon blinked furtively at Will. He had a suspicion that he was being laughed at. But it was not possible to include Dorothea in the suspicion.

They found Naumann painting industriously, but no model was present; his pictures were advantageously arranged, and his own plain vivacious person set off by a dove-colored blouse and a maroon velvet cap, so that every thing was as fortunate as if he had expected the beautiful young English lady exactly at that time.

The painter in his confident English gave little dissertations on his finished and unfinished subjects, seeming to observe Mr. Casaubon as much as he did Dorothea. Will burst in here and there with ardent words of praise marking out particular merits in his friend's work; and Dorothea felt that she was getting quite new notions as to the significance of Madonnas seated under inexplicable canopied thrones with the simple country as a background, and of saints with architectural models in their hands, or knives accidentally wedged in their skulls. Some things which had seemed monstrous to her were gathering intelligibility and even a natural meaning; but all this was apparently a branch of knowledge in which Mr. Casaubon had not interested himself.

"I think I would rather feel that painting is beautiful than have to read it as an enigma; but I should learn to understand these pictures sooner than yours with the very wide meaning," said Dorothea, speaking to Will.

"Don't speak of my painting before Naumann," said Will. "He will tell you it is all *pfuscherei*, which is his most opprobrious word!"

"Is that true?" said Dorothea, turning her sincere eyes on Naumann, who made a slight grimace, and said:

"Oh, he does not mean it seriously with painting. His walk must be *belles-lettres*. That is wi-ide."

Naumann's pronunciation of the vowel seemed to stretch the word satirically. Will did not half like it, but managed to laugh; and Mr. Casaubon, while he felt some disgust at the artist's German accent, began to entertain a little respect for his judicious severity.

The respect was not diminished when Naumann, after drawing Will aside for a moment, and looking first at a large canvas, then at Mr. Casaubon, came forward again and said:

"My friend Ladislaw thinks you will pardon me, Sir, if I say that a sketch of your head would be invaluable to me for the St. Thomas Aquinas in my picture there. It is too much to ask; but I so seldom see just what I want—the idealistic in the real."

"You astonish me greatly, Sir," said Mr. Casaubon, his looks improved with a glow of delight; "but if my poor physiognomy, which I have been accustomed to regard as of the commonest order, can be of any use to you in furnishing some traits for the angelical doctor, I shall feel honored. That is to say, if the operation will not be a lengthy one; and if Mrs. Casaubon will not object to the delay."

As for Dorothea, nothing could have pleased her more, unless it had been a miraculous voice pronouncing Mr. Casaubon the wisest and worthiest among the sons of men. In that case her tottering faith would have become firm again.

Naumann's apparatus was at hand in wonderful completeness, and the sketch went on at once as well as the conversation. Dorothea sat down and subsided into calm silence, feeling happier than she had done for a long while before. Every one about her seemed good, and she said to herself that Rome, if she had only been less ignorant, would have been full of beauty: its sadness would have been winged with hope. No nature could be less suspicious than hers: when she was a child she believed in the gratitude of wasps and the honorable susceptibility of sparrows, and was proportionately indignant when their baseness was made manifest.

The adroit artist was asking Mr. Casaubon questions about English politics, which brought long answers, and Will meanwhile had perched himself on some steps in the background overlooking all.

Presently Naumann said, "Now if I could lay this by for half an hour and take it up again—come and look, Ladislaw—I think it is perfect so far."

Will vented those adjuring interjections which imply that admiration is too strong for syntax; and Naumann said, in a tone of piteous regret,

"Ah—now—if I could but have had more—but you have other engagements—I could not ask it—or even to come again to-morrow."

"Oh, let us stay!" said Dorothea. "We have nothing to do to-day except to go about, have we?" she added, looking entreatingly at Mr. Casaubon. "It would be a pity not to make the head as good as possible."

"I am at your service, Sir, in the matter," said Mr. Casaubon, with polite condescension. "Having given up the interior of my head to idleness, it is as well that the exterior should work in this way."

"You are unspeakably good—now I am happy!" said Naumann, and then went on in German to Will, pointing here and there to the sketch as if he were considering that. Putting it aside for a moment, he looked round vaguely, as if seeking some occupation for his visitors, and afterward, turning to Mr. Casaubon, said,

"Perhaps the beautiful bride, the gracious lady, would not be unwilling to let me fill up the time by trying to make a slight sketch of her—not, of course, as you see, for that picture—only as a single study."

Mr. Casaubon, bowing, doubted not that Mrs. Casaubon would oblige him, and Dorothea said, at once, "Where shall I put myself?"

Naumann was all apologies in asking her to stand, and allow him to adjust her attitude, to which she submitted without any of the affected airs and laughs frequently thought necessary on such occasions, when the painter said, "It is as Santa Clara that I want you to stand—leaning so, with your cheek against your hand—so—looking at that stool, please, so!"

Will was divided between the inclination to fall at the Saint's feet and kiss her robe, and the temptation to knock Naumann down while he was adjusting her arm. All this was impudence and desecration, and he repented that he had brought her.

The artist was diligent, and Will, recovering himself, moved about and occupied Mr. Casaubon as ingeniously as he could; but he did not in the end prevent the time from seeming long to that gentleman, as was clear from his expressing a fear that Mrs. Casaubon would be tired. Naumann took the hint, and said,

"Now, Sir, if you can oblige me again, I will release the lady-wife."

So Mr. Casaubon's patience held out further, and when after all it turned out that the head of St. Thomas Aquinas would be more perfect if another sitting could be had, it was granted for the morrow. On the morrow Santa Clara too was retouched more than once. The result of all was so far from displeasing to Mr. Casaubon, that he arranged for the purchase of the picture in which St. Thomas Aquinas sat among the doctors of the Church in a disputation too abstract to be represented, but listened to with more or less attention by an audience above. The Santa Clara, which was spoken of in the second place, Naumann declared himself to be dissatisfied with—he could not, in conscience, engage to make a worthy picture of it; so about the Santa Clara the arrangement was conditional.

I will not dwell on Naumann's jokes at the expense of Mr. Casaubon that evening, or on his dithyrambs about Dorothea's charm, in all which Will joined, but with a difference. No sooner did Naumann mention any detail of Dorothea's beauty than Will got exasperated at his presumption: there was grossness in his choice of the most ordinary words, and what business had he to talk of her lips? She was not a woman to be spoken of as other women were. Will could not say just what he thought, but he became irritable. And yet, when after some resistance he had consented to take the Casaubons to his friend's studio, he had been allured by the gratification of his pride in being the person who could grant Naumann such an opportunity of studying her loveliness—or rather her divineness, for the ordinary phrases which might apply to mere bodily prettiness were not applicable to her. (Certainly all Tipton and its neighborhood, as well as Dorothea herself, would have been surprised at her beauty being made so much of. In that part of the world Miss Brooke had been only a "fine young woman.")

"Oblige me by letting the subject drop, Naumann. Mrs. Casaubon is not to be talked of as if she were a model," said Will. Naumann stared at him.

"Schön! I will talk of my Aquinas. The head is not a bad type, after all. I dare say the great scholastic himself would have been flattered to have his portrait asked for. Nothing like these starchy doctors for vanity! It was as I thought: he cared much less for her portrait than his own."

"He's a cursed white-blooded pedantic coxcomb," said Will, with gnashing impetuosity. His obligations to Mr. Casaubon were not known to his hearer, but Will himself was thinking of them, and wishing that he could discharge them all by a check.

Naumann gave a shrug, and said, "It is good they go away soon, my dear. They are spoiling your fine temper."

All Will's hope and contrivance were now concentrated on seeing Dorothea when she was alone. He only wanted her to take more emphatic notice of him; he only wanted to be something more special in her remembrance than he could yet believe himself likely to be. He was rather impatient under that open ardent good-will, which he saw was her usual state of feeling. The remote worship of a woman throned out of their reach plays a great part in men's lives, but in most cases the worshiper longs for some queenly recognition, some approving sign by which his soul's sovereign may cheer him without descending from her high place. That was precisely what Will wanted. But there were plenty of contradictions in his imaginative demands. It was beautiful to see how Dorothea's eyes turned with wifely anxiety and beseeching to Mr. Casaubon: she would have lost some of her halo if she had been without that duteous preoccupation; and yet at the next moment the husband's sandy absorption of such nectar was too intolerable; and Will's longing to say damaging things about him was perhaps not the less tormenting because he felt the strongest reasons for restraining it.

Will had not been invited to dine the next day. Hence he persuaded himself that he was bound to call, and that the only eligible time was the middle of the day, when Mr. Casaubon would not be at home.

Dorothea, who had not been made aware that her former reception of Will had displeased her husband, had no hesitation about seeing him, especially as he might be come to pay a farewell visit. When he entered she was looking at some cameos which she had been buying for Celia. She greeted Will as if his visit were quite a matter of course, and said at once, having a cameo bracelet in her hand,

"I am so glad you are come. Perhaps you understand all about cameos, and can tell me if these are really good. I wished to have you with us in choosing them, but Mr. Casaubon objected: he thought there was not time. He will finish his work to-morrow, and we shall go away in three days. I have been uneasy about these cameos. Pray sit down and look at them."

"I am not particularly knowing, but there can be no great mistake about these little Homeric bits: they are exquisitely neat. And the color is fine: it will just suit you."

"Oh, they are for my sister, who has quite a different complexion. You saw her with me at Lowick: she is light-haired and very pretty—at least I think so. We were never so long away from each other in our lives before. She is a great pet, and never was naughty in her life. I found out before I came away that she wanted me to buy her some cameos, and I should be sorry for them not to be good—after their kind." Dorothea added the last words with a smile.

"You seem not to care about cameos," said Will, seating himself at some distance from her, and observing her while she closed the cases.

"No, frankly, I don't think them a great object in life," said Dorothea.

"I fear you are a heretic about art generally. How is that? I should have expected you to be very sensitive to the beautiful every where."

"I suppose I am dull about many things," said Dorothea, simply. "I should like to make life beautiful—I mean every body's life. And then all this immense expense of art, that seems somehow to lie outside life and make it no better for the world, pains one. It spoils my enjoyment of any thing when I am made to think that most people are shut out from it."

"I call that the fanaticism of sympathy," said Will, impetuously. "You might say the same of landscape, of poetry, of all refinement. If you carried it out you ought to be miserable in your own goodness, and turn evil that you might have no advantage over others. The best piety is to enjoy—when you can. You are doing the most then to save the earth's character as an agreeable planet. And enjoyment radiates. It is of no use to try and take care of all the world; that is being taken care of when you feel delight—in art or in any thing else. Would you turn all the youth of the world into a tragic chorus, wailing and moralizing over misery? I suspect that you have some false belief in the virtues of misery, and want to make your life a martyrdom." Will had gone further than he intended, and checked himself. But Dorothea's thought was not taking just the same direction as his own, and she answered without any special emotion:

"Indeed you mistake me. I am not a sad, melancholy creature. I am never unhappy long together. I am angry and naughty—not like Celia: I have a great outburst, and then all seems glorious again. I can not help believing in glorious things in a blind sort of way. I should be quite willing to enjoy the art here, but there is so much that I don't know the reason of—so much that seems to me a consecration of ugliness rather than beauty. The painting and sculpture may be wonderful, but the feeling is often low and brutal, and sometimes even ridiculous. Here and there I see what takes me at once as noble—something that I might compare with the Alban Mountains or the sunset from the Pincian Hill; but that makes it the greater pity that there is so little of the best kind among all that mass of things over which men have toiled so."

"Of course there is always a great deal of poor work: the rarer things want that soil to grow in."

"Oh dear," said Dorothea, taking up that thought into the chief current of her anxiety, "I see it must be very difficult to do any thing good. I have often felt since I have been in Rome that most of our lives would look much uglier and more bungling than the pictures, if they could be put on the wall."

Dorothea parted her lips again as if she were going to say more, but changed her mind and paused.

"You are too young—it is an anachronism for you to have such thoughts," said Will, energetically, with a quick shake of the head habitual to him. "You talk as if you had never known any youth. It is monstrous—as if you had had a vision of Hades in your childhood, like the boy in the legend. You have been brought up in some of those horrible notions that choose the sweetest women to devour—like Minotaurs. And now you will go and be shut up in that stone prison at Lowick: you will be buried alive. It makes me savage to think of it! I would rather never have seen you than think of you with such a prospect."

Will again feared that he had gone too far; but the meaning we attach to words depends on our feeling, and his tone of angry regret had so much kindness in it for Dorothea's heart, which had always been giving out ardor and had never been fed with much from the living beings around her, that she felt a new sense of gratitude, and answered with a gentle smile:

"It is very good of you to be anxious about me. It is because you did not like Lowick yourself: you had set your heart on another kind of life. But Lowick is my chosen home."

The last sentence was spoken with an almost solemn cadence, and Will did not know what to say, since it would not be useful for him to embrace her slippers, and tell her that he would die for her: it was clear that she required nothing of the sort: and they were both silent for a moment or two, when Dorothea began again with an air of saying at last what had been in her mind beforehand:

"I wanted to ask you again about something you said the other day. Perhaps it was half of it your lively way of speaking: I notice that you like to put things strongly; I myself often exaggerate when I speak hastily."

"What was it?" said Will, observing that she spoke with a timidity quite new in her. "I have a hyperbolical tongue: it catches fire as it goes. I dare say I shall have to retract."

"I mean what you said about the necessity of knowing German—I mean, for the subjects that Mr. Casaubon is engaged in. I have been thinking about it; and it seems to me that with Mr. Casaubon's learning he must have before him the same materials as German scholars—has he not?" Dorothea's timidity was due to an indistinct consciousness that she was in the strange situation of consulting a third person about the adequacy of Mr. Casaubon's learning.

"Not exactly the same materials," said Will, thinking that he would be duly reserved. "He is not an Orientalist, you know. He does not profess to have more than second-hand knowledge there."

"But there are very valuable books about antiquities which were written a long while ago by scholars who knew nothing about these modern things; and they are still used. Why should Mr. Casaubon's not be valuable, like theirs?" said Dorothea, with more remonstrant energy. She was impelled to have the argument aloud which she had been having in her own mind.

"That depends on the line of study taken," said Will, also getting a tone of rejoinder. "The subject Mr. Casaubon has chosen is as changing as chemistry: new discoveries are constantly making new points of view. Who wants a system on the basis of the four elements, or a book to refute Paracelsus? Do you not see that it is no use now to be crawling a little way after men of the last century—men like Bryant—and correcting their mistakes?—living in a lumber-room and furbishing up broken-legged theories about Chus and Mizraim?"

"How can you bear to speak so lightly?" said Dorothea, with a look between sorrow and anger. "If it were as you say, what could be sadder than so much ardent labor all in vain? I wonder it does not affect you more painfully, if you really think that a man like Mr. Casaubon, of so much goodness, power, and learning, should in any way fail in what has been the labor of his best years." She was beginning to be shocked that she had got to such a point of supposition, and indignant with Will for having led her to it.

"You questioned me about the matter of fact, not of feeling," said Will. "But if you wish to punish me for the fact, I submit. I am not in a position to express my feeling toward Mr. Casaubon: it would be at best a pensioner's eulogy."

"Pray excuse me," said Dorothea, coloring deeply. "I am aware, as you say, that I am in fault, in having introduced the subject. Indeed, I am wrong altogether. Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure."

"I quite agree with you," said Will, determined to change the situation—"so much so that I have made up my mind not to run that risk of never attaining a failure. Mr. Casaubon's generosity has perhaps been dangerous to me, and I mean to renounce the liberty it has given me. I mean to go back to England shortly and work my own way—depend on nobody else than myself."

"That is fine—I respect that feeling," said Dorothea, with returning kindness. "But Mr. Casaubon, I am sure, has never thought of any thing in the matter except what was most for your welfare."

"She has obstinacy and pride enough to serve instead of love, now she has married him," said Will to himself. Aloud he said, rising,

"I shall not see you again."

"Oh, stay till Mr. Casaubon comes," said Dorothea, earnestly. "I am so glad we met in Rome. I wanted to know you."

"And I have made you angry," said Will. "I have made you think ill of me."

"Oh no! My sister tells me I am always angry with people who do not say just what I like. But I hope I am not given to think ill of them. In the end I am usually obliged to think ill of myself for being so impatient."

"Still, you don't like me; I have made myself an unpleasant thought to you."

"Not at all," said Dorothea, with the most open kindness. "I like you very much."

Will was not quite contented, thinking that he would apparently have been of more importance if he had been disliked. He said nothing, but looked dull, not to say sulky.

"And I am quite interested to see what you will do," Dorothea went on, cheerfully. "I believe devoutly in a natural difference of vocation. If it were not for that belief, I suppose I should be very narrow—there are so many things, besides painting, that I am quite ignorant of. You would hardly believe how little I have taken in of music and literature, which you know so much of. I wonder what your vocation will turn out to be: perhaps you will be a poet?"

"That depends. To be a poet is to have a soul so quick to discern that no shade of quality escapes it, and so quick to feel that discernment is but a hand playing with finely ordered variety on the chords of emotion—a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge. One may have that condition by fits only."

"But you leave out the poems," said Dorothea. "I think they are wanted to complete the poet. I understand what you mean about knowledge passing into feeling, for that seems to be just what I experience. But I am sure I could never produce a poem."

"You *are* a poem—and that is to be the best part of a poet—what makes up the poet's consciousness in his best moods," said Will, showing such originality as we all share with the morning and the spring-time and other endless renewals.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Dorothea, laughing out her words in a bird-like modulation, and looking at Will with playful gratitude in her eyes. "What very kind things you say to me!"

"I wish I could ever do any thing that would be what you call kind—that I could ever be of the slightest service to you. I fear I shall never have the opportunity." Will spoke with fervor.

"Oh yes!" said Dorothea, cordially. "It will come; and I shall remember how well you wish me. I quite hoped that we should be friends when I first saw you—because of your relationship to Mr. Casaubon." There was a certain liquid brightness in her eyes, and Will was conscious that his own were obeying a law of nature and filling too. The allusion to Mr. Casaubon would have spoiled all if any thing at that moment could have spoiled the subduing power, the sweet dignity, of her noble unsuspicious inexperience.

"And there is one thing even now that you can do," said Dorothea, rising and walking a little way under the strength of a recurring impulse. "Promise me that you will not again, to any one, speak of that subject—I mean, about Mr. Casaubon's writings—I mean in that kind of way. It was I who led to it. It was my fault. But promise me."

She had returned from her brief pacing, and stood opposite Will, looking gravely at him.

"Certainly, I will promise you," said Will, reddening, however. If he never said a cutting word about Mr. Casaubon again, and left off receiving favors from him, it would clearly be permissible to hate him the more. The poet must know how to hate, says Goethe; and Will was at least ready with that accomplishment. He said that he must go now without waiting for Mr. Casaubon, whom he would come to take leave of at the last moment. Dorothea gave him her hand, and they exchanged a simple "Good-by."

But going out of the *porte cochère* he met Mr. Casaubon, and that gentleman, expressing the best wishes for his cousin, politely waived the pleasure of any further leave-taking on the morrow, which would be sufficiently crowded with the preparations for departure.

"I have something to tell you about our cousin Mr. Ladislaw, which I think will heighten your opinion of him," said Dorothea to her husband in the course of the evening. She had mentioned immediately on his entering that Will had just gone away, and would come again, but Mr. Casaubon had said, "I met him outside, and we made our final adieux, I believe," saying this with the air and tone by which we imply that any subject, whether private or public, does not interest us enough to wish for a further remark upon it. So Dorothea had waited.

"What is that, my love?" said Mr. Casaubon (he always said "my love" when his manner was the coldest).

"He has made up his mind to leave off wandering at once, and to give up his dependence on your generosity. He means soon to go back to England, and work his own way. I thought you would consider that a good sign," said Dorothea, with an appealing look into her husband's neutral face.

"Did he mention the precise order of occupation to which he would addict himself?"

"No. But he said that he felt the danger which lay for him in your generosity. Of course he will write to you about it. Do you not think better of him for his resolve?"

"I shall await his communication on the subject," said Mr. Casaubon.

"I told him I was sure that the thing you considered in all you did for him was his own welfare. I remembered your goodness in what you said about him when I first saw him at Lowick," said Dorothea, putting her hand on her husband's.

"I had a duty toward him," said Mr. Casaubon, laying his other hand on Dorothea's in conscientious acceptance of her caress, but with a glance which he could not hinder from being uneasy. "The young man, I confess, is not otherwise an object of interest to me, nor need we, I think, discuss his future course, which it is not ours to determine beyond the limits which I have sufficiently indicated."

Dorothea did not mention Will again.

ANDREW J. GARVEY IN COURT.

The most dramatic sensation of the season was the appearance of Mr. Andrew J. Garvey in the court-room where the trial of Mayor Hall is progressing. Up to that time the proceedings had been of the usual monotonous character, interesting to the public only on account of the high position of the accused and the important interests at stake. The morning session of the 7th inst. passed in the usual way. No spectators of note were present, and when the recess was taken there was no hint that any thing extraordinary was to occur.

After recess the examination of a previous witness was briefly continued. A short pause ensued, when suddenly Mr. Tremaine, of the prosecution, told the court officer to call "Andrew J. Garvey." Had a thunder-bolt fallen in the room the audience could not have been more startled, for there was something in the counsel's manner which indicated that the name was not called merely as a matter of form. The officer went to the side-door leading to the judge's room, and upon opening it Andrew J. Garvey, unattended by any other person, entered the court-room. A half-suppressed murmur of astonishment greeted his appearance, for until that moment the eminent plasterer was supposed to be in foreign parts.

The news immediately spread into every part of the Court-house and through the streets, and in less than five minutes the court-room was packed with an excited crowd, consisting of second and third rate politicians and office-holders, who could hardly believe their eyes, even when they rested upon the man himself. "Where did he spring from?" "Where has he been hiding?" were asked on all sides, though no one could answer. The Mayor's counsel were as much surprised as the audience, and their confusion was apparent during the whole of the afternoon's proceedings.

Mr. Garvey was at first too much excited and nervous to give his testimony, but soon recovered himself. He detailed the intimacy which had existed between Tweed, Connolly, Hall, and himself during a number of years; also the presentation of the bills to the Mayor, their passage, payment, and the depositing of the money in the Broadway Bank by himself to his own credit. He was then asked whether he considered the claim an honest one or not, but his answer was stopped by an energetic discussion between the counsel, and before the examination could be resumed the court adjourned.

The story of Mr. Garvey's connection with the Ring need not be reiterated here, nor is this the place to speculate on the terms on which he appears, or the effect which his testimony may have in the trial. We give his portrait on page 237.

SPANISH HOSPITALITY.

The want of hospitality among the Spaniards, says an English writer, is distinctly a national feature. The odd thing is that they lay claim to it along with all other virtues, and that hospitality is attributed, in public, to cities in which nobody receives a stranger, just as culture to cities where there are no pictures nor books. The pretense in this matter is perhaps the queerest of all pretenses. The foreigner is told that a house is "at his disposition," and the quantity of house property he acquires of this very peculiar kind is respectable. But he is not expected to call at his house, and he is never invited specially to it. This is more or less true of all Spain; less true, perhaps, of Madrid than of other cities, and less true of the Biscayan provinces or Andalusia than of Catalonia; but true, in the main, of the whole peninsula. Where did this strange element come from? It is not "Latin," for the Romans were dinner-givers from the beginning, like the Greeks, and much of the best fun of the comic writers, from Plautus to Petronius, turns upon that side of their sociable and brilliant life. It is not "Oriental;" the Arab is ready with his tent, his bread and salt, and dates; and in calling upon a pasha, if you are not sure of kabobs or pillau, you are at least never dismissed without pipes and coffee. It is not "Gothic;" the Goth was of many varieties and of many lands, but he was always more or less given to keeping open house; and Adam Smith has taken the trouble to give a philosophical explanation of the hearty welcome and honest cheer of the old medieval life. The truth seems to be that the races enumerated, being conquerors only, and noway related to the bulk of the indigenous population, which was far more numerous, never penetrated deeper in their influence than a little below the surface, and thus affected the formal manners of Spain without much actual impression upon the national character. "Scratch a Russian," said Napoleon, "and you find a Tartar." Scratch a Spaniard, he might have said, and you find an Iberian. We certainly have known and seen incidents of Spanish hospitality worthy of the Iberians of Strabo. In one case a Spanish family asked some foreigners to a dance. The dancing went cheerfully on till about half past one, when the lady of the house bowed affectionately to her friends by way of bowing them out. The family, she said, were going to supper! Yet families of this kind have no objection whatever to sup—ay, and right well, too—at the foreigners' expense. We remember a Yankee man-of-war giving a ball in a Spanish Mediterranean port. Yankee officers are well paid, and the most cheerful of hosts. Champagne cocktails are found to enliven the eagle, and are freely supplied to the friends of that bird. So the supper was excellent, and the effect upon the Spaniards was extraordinary. Stout old ladies were heard exclaiming, through mouthfuls of unwonted fowl and tongue, that if they had thought it was to be any thing like *this*, they would have brought *Tiro Jorge*—Uncle George. Where was he on such an occasion? Why was not he having a slice off the *extranjero?* The nephews of these old girls, meanwhile, organized a cutting-out expedition, and having discovered where more Champagne was, made a gallant attack upon the stores.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A negro preacher once observed to his hearers, at the close of his sermon, as follows, "My obstinacious bredren, I find it no more use to preach to you dan it is for a grasshopper to wear knee-buckles."

If a horse says neigh to oats, don't believe him.

Artemus Ward was on a slow California train, and he went to the conductor and suggested that the cow-catcher was on the wrong end of the train; "For," said he, "you will never overtake a cow, you know; but if you'd put it on the other end it might be useful, for now there's nothin' on earth to hender a cow from walkin' right in and bitin' the folks!"

A crack Corps—The burglars.

A letter recently passed through the post-office addressed as follows:

"Bostmaster, plese to send him strait,
Ben-syl-vany is der Staight;
Olt Venango, dat's der gounty,
Vere oil bours out mit Hefen's pounty;
Franklin, she's der gounty seat.
Der Bost-offise on Liberdy Shtreet;
Sharly Taylor, he's der man;
Send dis yust so quick you can."

Salutation among the Brewers—"Ale fellow, well met."

Foolish Song—Stupid ditty.

Why is a young girl like a music-book?—Because she is full of airs.

An old lady thinks the Bonds must be a family of strong religious instincts, because she hears of so many of them being converted.

Toilers of the See—Opticians.

A square-built prize-fighter is good for any number of rounds.

A Pledge of real Love—Popping the question.

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather-bed?—One is hard up and the other soft down.

Motto for a Cat Show—"Come to the scratch."

Clergymen, like brakemen, do a good deal of coupling.

A boy being asked the meaning of the word amateur, said it was a man what slipped up and wasn't jawed for it.

Wool Gatherings—Fights between negroes.

"You talk of your troubles," said the oyster to the fisherman, "but your case doesn't begin to be as hard as mine."

Not a Miss—A pretty widow.

Vegetable Philosophy—Sage advice.

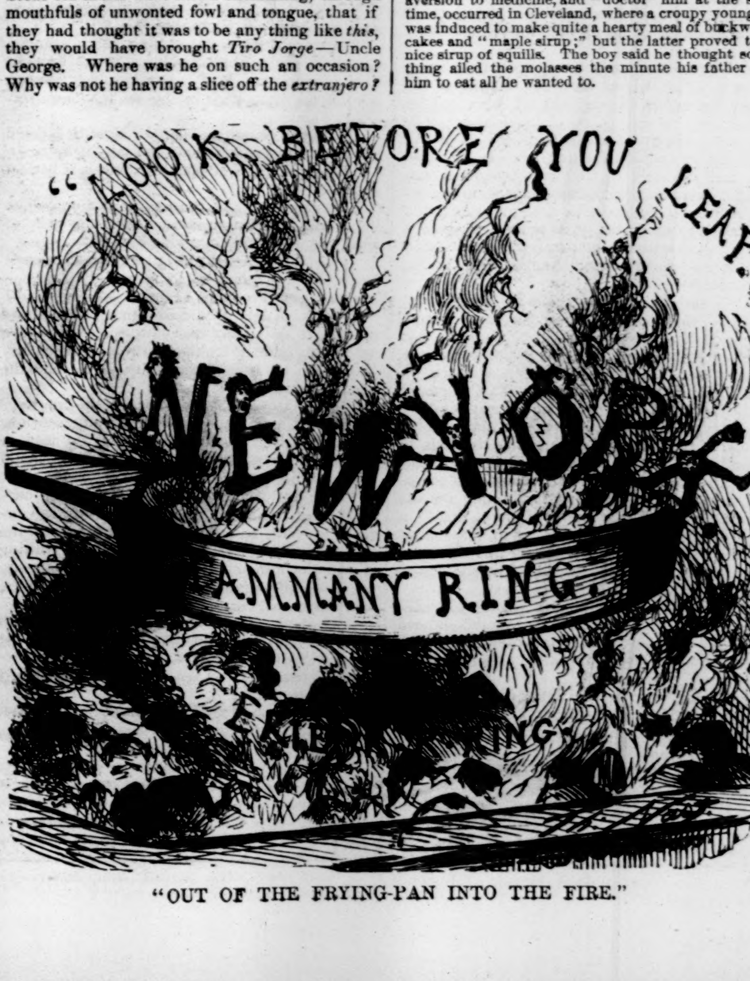
A man who had traveled through New Jersey says that he saw some land so poor that you could not raise a disturbance on it.

A gentleman in the vicinity of Philadelphia recently lost his wife, and a correspondent states that a young miss of six, who came to the funeral, said to his little daughter of about the same age, "Your pa will marry again, won't he?" "Oh yes!" was the reply; "but not until after the funeral."

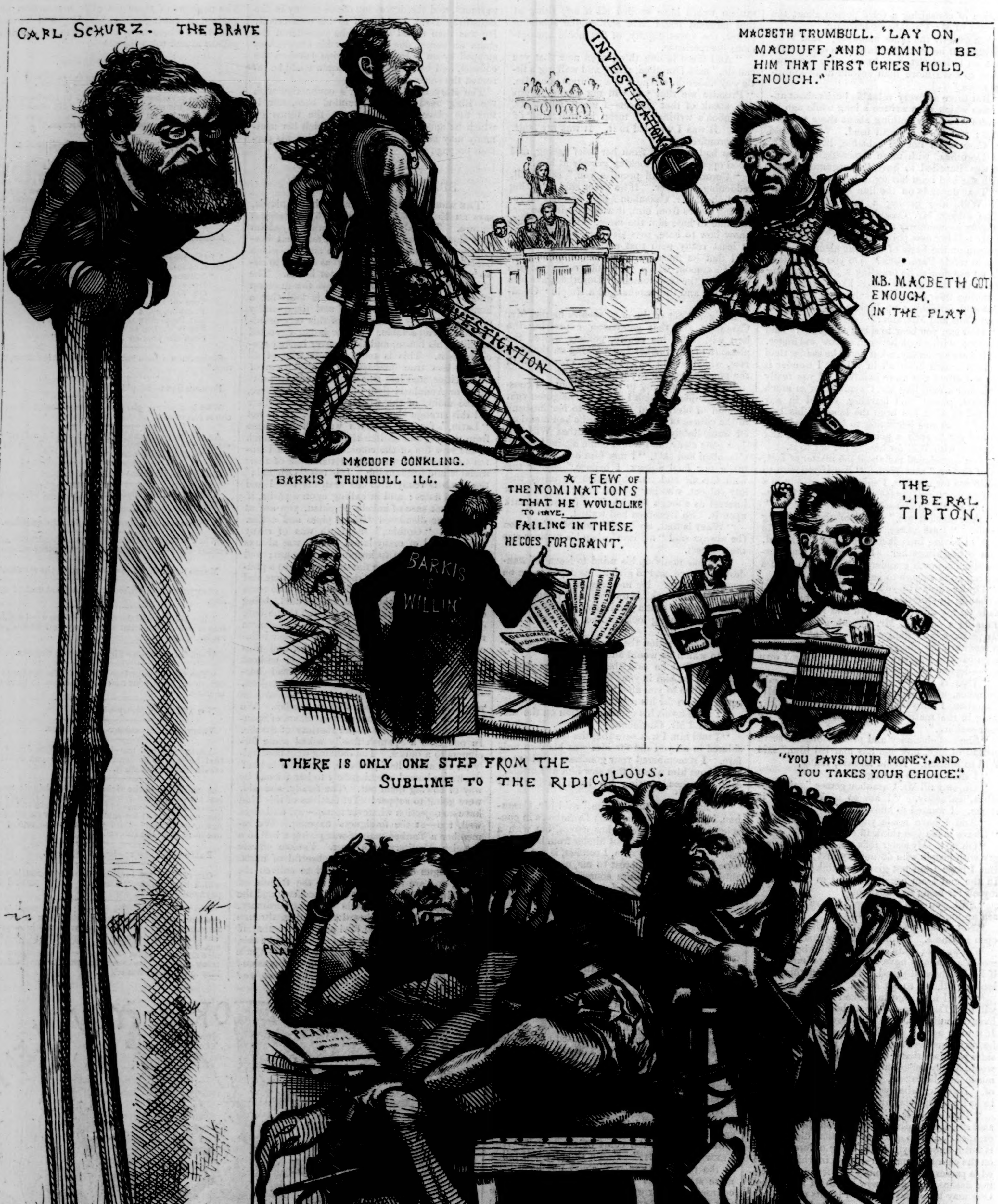
Parlor Magazines—Kerosene lamps.

One of the most touching lines in Byron is that in which he exclaims, "Alas, how deeply painful is all payment!"

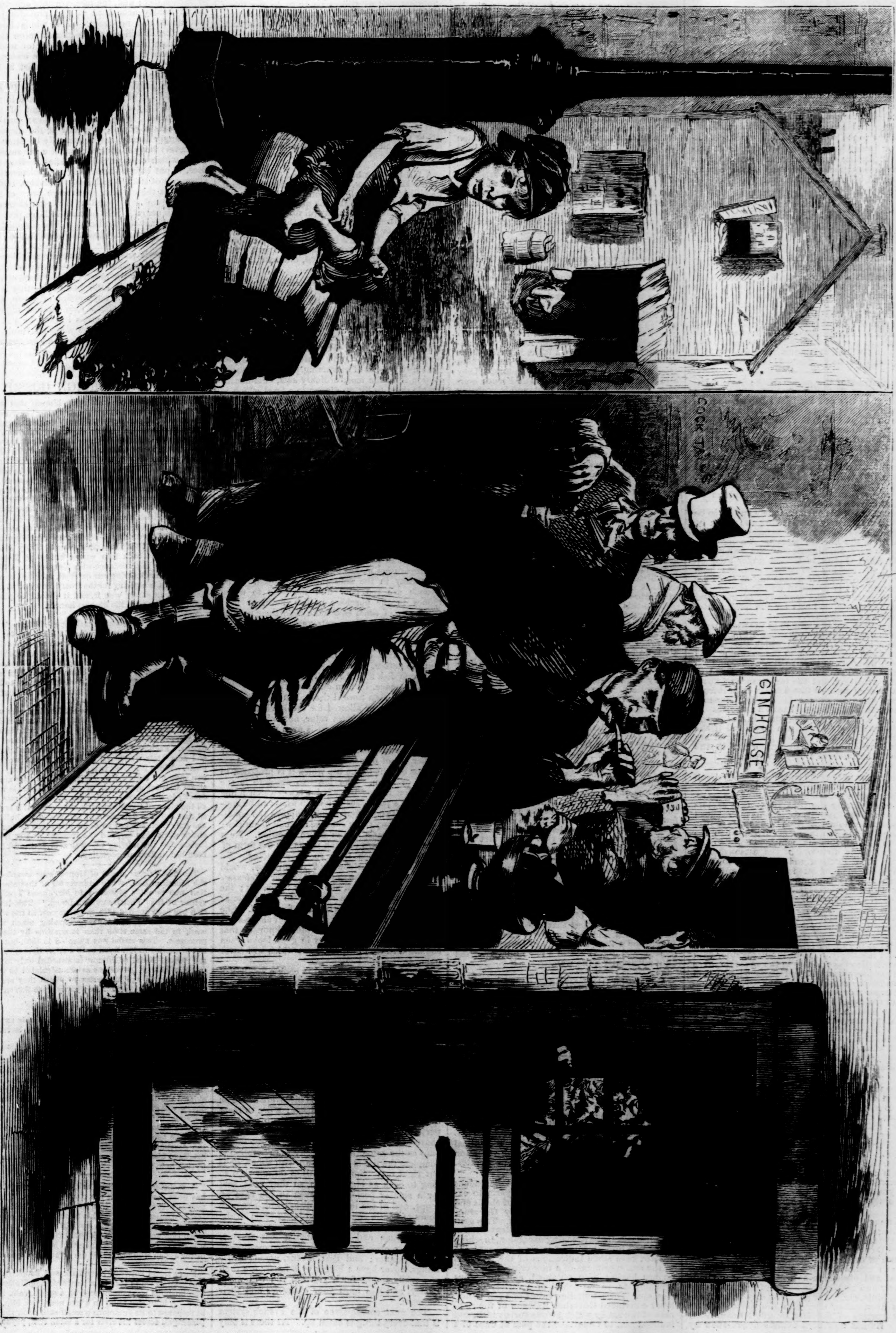
The latest dodge of a parent to overcome his son's aversion to medicine, and "doctor" him at the same time, occurred in Cleveland, where a croupy youngster was induced to make quite a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes and "maple sirup;" but the latter proved to be nice sirup of squills. The boy said he thought something ailed the molasses the minute his father told him to eat all he wanted to.


"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."
NEW YOR
AMMANY RING.

"OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE."


CARL SCHURZ. THE BRAVE
"THE TOWER OF STRENGTH"
MACBETH TRUMBULL. "LAY ON, MACDUFF, AND DAMN'D BE HIM THAT FIRST CRIES HOLD, ENOUGH."
INVESTIGATION
INVESTIGATION
N.B. MACBETH GOT ENOUGH, (IN THE PLAY)
MACDUFF CONKLING.
BARKIS TRUMBULL ILL.
A FEW OF THE NOMINATIONS THAT HE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE.
FAILING IN THESE HE GOES FOR GRANT.
BARKIS IS WILLIN'
THE LIBERAL TIPTON.
THERE IS ONLY ONE STEP FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.
"YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY, AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE."
PLANS
PLANS
PLANS
Th: Nast.
SEN. SCHURZ SITS IN FRONT OF SEN. NYE IN THE SENATE.

A FEW WASHINGTON SKETCHES.—IN THE SENATE.


COCK TAILS
GIN HOUSE

THE STORY OF A WAIF.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD, FROM A SKETCH BY M. WOOLF.—[SEE PAGE 234.]

THE STORY OF A WAIF.

If any of our readers are puzzled to account for the prevalence of crime in our great cities, let them study attentively the illustration on page 233, which tells an o'er-true tale of the progress of an ignorant, neglected street boy from idleness through vice and crime to a felon's cell. It is the story of thousands. Could there be a more powerful argument for our grand system of popular education? Give every boy an opportunity to learn, teach him good morals, industrious habits, and inspire him with laudable ambition—an opportunity which only free common schools afford—and the chances of his becoming a vicious and depraved man are a hundredfold diminished. In mercy to the poor of our land, whether of native or foreign birth, Americans can never permit sacrilegious hands to break down a system which presents the only effectual barrier against the spread of ignorance and vice.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is stated that try-works for extracting and refining the oil of the sea-lion, seal, and walrus are about to be established on Unalaska, one of the Aleutian Islands. This will probably result in the marketing of a large amount of oil which would otherwise be wasted, thus adding largely to the products of Alaska. The important paper of Mr. Dall, published in the January number of *Harper's Magazine*, upon Alaska and its profit to the country, has shown what rate of interest is being paid upon the debt incurred in the acquisition of the Territory; and if fourteen per cent. were returned up to the beginning of 1871, it is quite likely that by 1873 the profits will be very greatly increased.

An abstract of the report of the State Commissioners of Fisheries of California has just appeared in the San Francisco papers, and exhibits a commendable degree of zeal and enterprise on the part of these gentlemen. We have been so much impressed with the extraordinary abundance of the salmon, trout, and other fish in the waters of the Pacific slope and Pacific Ocean that it is hard to realize that any scarcity is possible. But we learn that the trout and salmon especially have suffered very materially, and that the most stringent measures are necessary to prevent their comparative extermination, at least in California.

The efforts of the commissioners appear to be directed not merely to renewing the stock of native fish, but also toward securing new varieties from the Eastern waters. Among these shad are very prominent; and the experiment of Mr. Seth Green, instituted under their direction, of stocking the Sacramento, has been quite successful so far as the initial steps are concerned. It is proposed during the present year to introduce the white-fish of the great lakes, black bass, and eels for the Sacramento, and lobsters for the bay.

The decrease of the salmon in the Sacramento and San Joaquin is quite marked, although less so than in the Truckee, in which the fish are taken while on their way to the spawning beds in such numbers as to have almost become exterminated. Pyramid Lake was also found to require attention, and the importance of keeping a passage open, so that fish can enter it from the sea, was strongly urged The total expense of securing Mr. Seth Green's services in planting a stock of young shad in the Sacramento amounted to less than $600; and if the anticipations of this veteran pisciculturist are realized, will bear a small proportion to the value of the whole in a very few years.

The report of the officers of the Peabody Academy of Science of Salem, lately made to the trustees, presents a satisfactory exhibit of the progress made during the past year. Our readers may remember that this establishment received a moderate endowment from George Peabody, of London, and the income is expended in the care of the valuable museum belonging to the academy. The directors of the establishment are Mr. F. W. Putnam and Dr. Packard, both eminent as men of science, and occupying a prominent place before the public, not only for their own special researches, but as being the editors of that popular serial, the *American Naturalist*.

The principal additions to the museum of the academy during the year have consisted mainly of insects and archæological specimens, and also a series of the animals inhabiting the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. All of these, together with the collections previously in the museum, have been properly arranged and classified, and tend to render the museum very attractive. The report urges very strongly the propriety of securing an additional endowment, to enable the academy to publish in its memoirs certain valuable scientific manuscripts now in hand, the alternative of being obliged to send them to some other establishment having more means at its disposal being greatly deplored, as they were based upon the collections of the academy, and should legitimately appear under its auspices.

According to a quotation in *Land and Water*, a kind of herring which had disappeared from the coast of Norway since the beginning of the present century has within the last few days again made its appearance in such numbers in the waters between the Swedish continent and the Norwegian Whale Islands that the fish are described as being, in some places, packed together like a wall. The previous scarcity of this fish is ascribed to the fact that the fishermen formerly used nets of too small mesh, so that the young brood were captured together with the older fish.

Among those who have devoted themselves to making collections of natural history in foreign countries few have been so successful as the Abbé David, of Paris. This gentleman, in the course of the last few years, has been so fortunate in exploring certain portions of Western China and elsewhere as to find large numbers of new and remarkable forms of mammals, reptiles, birds, etc. Among these may be mentioned a deer, called after him *Elaphurus davidi*, a new species of *Sieboldia*, or giant salamander, etc. He has now been commissioned anew by the Museum of Natural History of Paris, and has started for Thibet with the purpose of carrying on scientific researches.

Very few persons are aware of the magnitude and importance of the fisheries upon the coast of North Carolina. We learn that upward of fifteen thousand persons are now actively engaged in the above business. The largest fisheries are in the Albemarle Sound and vicinity of Roanoke Island, where the business is reduced to a perfect system, steam-power being arranged for the purpose of hauling the nets, etc.

Mr. J. Carson Brevoort, of Brooklyn, who has devoted much time and attention to historical researches in regard to fishes, as well as other subjects of natural history, has lately written an interesting essay upon the names which have been applied to the cod-fish in different parts of the world. In this he remarks that wherever dried cod-fish, split and stretched on a stick, are known throughout the civilized world, the name that it bears in different regions can be traced, in most cases, directly to this mode of preparation for the market.

Thus, among the Greeks, the large cod-fish were called *bacchi*, from *bacchus*, a rod. The Latins named the fish *gadus*, from a Sanscrit root, *cad* or *gad*, a rod. This root is found in English in goad, and perhaps in *cat-o'-nine-tails*. In Gaelic *gad* and *gadan* signify a small rod. Among the Iberians the dried cod-fish was called *bacalaos*, from *baculeum*, a small stick. This points to the root of the French *baquette*, or rod; *bilboquet*, the toy known as cup and ball, really *stick* and ball, and other words. By the Anglo-Saxons the fish was called the *cod*, from the word *gad*, or *goad*, a rod; and by the Germans it was known as the *stock fish*, from *Stock*, a stick. Among the Netherlanders the word varies a little, in having been called as far back as 1400 the *cabbeljauw*, which seems to be from the Dutch *gabel*, a fork. They also called it the *bakkeljauw*. The French *morrhue* is not from the above root, and is probably from the Celtic *mor*, the sea. The French, however, never prepared the cod by drying it on a stick, but salted it as the *morue verte*, or *green cod*. The French *molue* is merely a change in the liquid consonants.

When the cod is dried on the downs it is called *dun-fish*, from the Gaelic root *duin*, a hill. If dried on the rocks, it becomes *rock-cod*, or the *klippfish* of the Norwegians. Among these the cod is called *dorsck* or *torsk*, in English *tusk*, from the Gothic *dürren*, to dry. The English *aberdeen* fish, or French *laberdan*, is from the Gaelic *abar*, the mouth, *dan*, a river, or fish caught near the river-mouth.

The second annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries for the State of New Jersey has just appeared, and exhibits evidence of much care and research on the part of these officers. The history of the shad and herring season is detailed, and important suggestions for the future improvement of the fisheries indicated.

From this report it appears that the action of New Jersey in regard to establishing suitable regulations is very much impeded by the refusal of Pennsylvania to concur in reference to the Delaware River; and until something of this kind can be done it is almost impossible to expect that full measure of restoration of the fishery interest that has attended the labors of the fishery commissioners of Massachusetts and Connecticut. The shad and herring season of 1871 in both the Delaware and Raritan is stated in the report to have been even less remunerative than that of 1870, the catch of herring being especially limited. One of the principal causes of injury to the young fry of the shad is stated by the New Jersey commissioners, and by Colonel Worrall, the commissioner of Pennsylvania, to be the practice of setting fish-baskets in the streams. As the fish return in the summer or autumn to the salt-water during the low stage of the rivers, the fish are obliged to pass over these baskets or through their slats; and as it is well known that the loss of only a few scales will cause the ultimate death of the shad, we can readily understand how much injury they experience, in view of the fact that their scales become detached at a slight touch.

A correspondent in *Nature* gives an account of a fight between a cobra di capello and a mongoose, the latter a small mammal well known for its services in destroying the poisonous serpents of India. The writer states that the mongoose was bitten by the cobra in the course of the fight, but that the latter was ultimately killed, and its destroyer went into the jungle for a time, as though in search of some remedy, and came back in a few hours after the fight apparently quite well.

Among the late interesting additions to the Zoological Society of London is a specimen of the king penguin of the Falkland Islands. Animals of this class are rarely seen alive in Europe, and this specimen shares the interest which another species of the penguin family, previously received, had been in the habit of exciting.

We published, not long ago, a notice of a peculiarity of the horned toad of California in the expulsion of a blood-like fluid from the eye, and a reader of the *Weekly* writes to give his own testimony to the fact. He states that he has caught numbers of them in Texas, and frequently noticed the ejection of a bloody fluid from the inner canthus of the eye, once receiving the discharge in his own eye while holding the animal at a distance of at least a foot. The sensation experienced was quite painful for a few minutes.

While the *Hassler* was detained at Barbadoes an opportunity was furnished the party to examine the very valuable collection of shells and other objects brought together by Governor Rawson, the Governor of the island. This gentleman, in writing to a correspondent in England, states that a dredging excursion, in which he had an opportunity of joining on board the *Hassler*, gave some indications of the products of the sea, specimens of a new crinoid-like *Apiocrinus* having been obtained, and numerous brachiopods, young echini of a variety of species, etc. The astounding result of a few hours' labor convinced Governor Rawson of the richness of the sea by which he was surrounded, and induced him to undertake the plan at once of a systematic course of dredging, from which, doubtless, very valuable scientific results may be expected. The Governor is well known among naturalists in the United States as a conchologist, and as always ready to do any thing in his power for the advancement of science, whether incited thereto by his own countrymen or Americans.

Shortly before the late war between Germany and France the name of Mr. Darwin was presented as a candidate for membership to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and, much to the surprise of all, the opposition to him was so strong as to render it quite certain that he would not be elected. More recently, however, his name has come up again in connection with a vacancy, and it has been placed first on the list as corresponding member of the Section of Zoology, which renders it probable that he will be elected.

A bill has just been introduced into the Senate by Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, in regard to killing the buffaloes upon the plains, except with the object of using the meat as food, or for the hides; making it unlawful for any person to kill the bison, or buffalo, upon the public lands for any other purpose; and for the violation of this law the offender is, upon conviction by a court of competent jurisdiction, to pay a fine of $100 for each animal killed, one-half the fine to be paid to the informer.

FRENCH COOKERY.

In no country are the higher uses of eating more thoroughly appreciated or more seriously pursued than in France. The eminently social nature of its people, their singular skill in the preparation of food, the power which they so generally possess of extracting pleasurable satisfaction from the most ordinary acts, combine to enable them to lift up dinner to a level which is rarely reached elsewhere. They alone realize it as a national fact; they alone, as a whole people, get out of the act of eating all that it can give. This superiority is not solely due to their culinary ability; the cook's work is but one of the two secrets of success; the other lies in the temper of the diners, and in their keen perception of the character of the operation which they are performing. The eating in middle-class French houses, inexpensive as it is, is certainly far superior to that of the majority of the richer classes in other countries. It consists of fewer dishes, of smaller quantities—it is composed of low-priced articles—its habitual range is limited; but the execution of each dish is perfect in itself, and the variety of the forms of preparation makes up for the relative absence of variety in the substances employed. The French are too poor and too wise to waste money in the purchase of fish, flesh, or fowl when any of them cost more than their regular current value. These extravagances are left to people who are really wealthy, and to the faster elements of society in Paris and a few other towns. The nation never perpetrates them. But the nation, poor and saving as it is, requires that each dish shall be itself, with its full aroma, its full essence, its own character.

The first step toward the end in view is to so employ the sum allotted for the kitchen that it shall produce its utmost value, not only in quantity and quality, but, what is even more important, in suitability. Going to market does not simply mean clever buying; it involves the far higher talent of adapting the choice of the provisions bought to the use which it is proposed to make of them. The law—so absolute is the habit that it may be called a law—which limits each day's purchases of food to what can be consumed in twenty-four hours, imposes the condition that every thing shall be in small quantities; that is the basis of the entire question. Next comes the fitness of each object for the form of cookery to which it is to be subjected. No Frenchwoman, be she cook or mistress, would dream of buying the same chicken for a *fricassée* as she would select if she meant to roast it; the same vegetables for a soup or to serve alone; the same meat for stewing and for a *rôti*. She would always choose an inferior and cheaper article in one case than in the other, knowing that it is useless to spend money in good looks when she has a sauce to depend upon which will cover ugliness.

Then less fuel is required to cook a small dish than a large one. French kitchen ranges do not resemble those which are still so generally in use here, where the same vast mass of coal goes on blazing itself away, whether its heat be employed to boil a kettle or to roast a sheep. In France, especially in the country, cookery is carried on with wood or charcoal fires, kept down to a low smoulder when not needed for the moment, and roused up to activity in five minutes when the time comes to use them. The same exact adaptation of means to the end, the same diligent pursuit of small economies, is discovered here as in all other details of the subject: a fire to roast a chicken is made just big enough to serve the purpose; the combustion of a sou's worth of charcoal boils or stews the contents of two saucepans at the same time; directly the operation is complete the fire is covered up with ashes, or is put right out. Small quantities do not take so long to cook as big ones do, so they need heat for a shorter period; and even in the case of soups, and of the few other dishes which require hours of gentle simmering to bring them to the point, the very nature of the process prohibits strong flame and accompanying loss of fuel. "*Cuisinez doucement*" is the first counsel given to a beginner; and that means, among other things, never have a bigger or a hotter fire than you really want; for if you do, you will waste money, and will burn your *casseroles* and their contents.

The next consequence of the French system is that every thing is eaten up. As there is only just enough, nobody has a chance of leaving any thing. A very short experience will show a cook how much total weight of food she has to serve each day; and, the measure once acquired, she invariably acts upon it, and provides just that much and no more. The whole house knows that it will never be offered more than it can use; and that if the dinner of to-day should seem to go beyond immediate wants, it is solely because to-morrow's breakfast is included in the estimate.

But the great source of economy lies in the diminished use of the dearer articles, and in the correspondingly increased employment of the cheaper ones. If a great piece of meat, costing thirty cents a pound, is placed at the disposal of a hungry family, it will naturally be eaten at until every body is content; but if a far smaller joint, which only partially satisfies their appetites, is put before them, with a supplementary allowance of soup, bread, and vegetables, representing, at the outside, an average price of ten cents a pound, it follows that the latter elements of the dinner will be consumed in large proportions, and that the total cost will be diminished in the exact ratio in which ten is substituted for thirty.

It is scarcely possible to form any reliable calculation of the total comparative saving which is brought about by the union of these three consequences of buying in little quantities—that is to say, of lessened fuel, suppression of waste, and the setting off of cheap food against higher-priced articles. At a guess it may be put at about a third. This is the material result of kitchen management in France, and no one will deny its grave importance.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Every body was congratulating himself that winter's reign was over; that "gentle spring" had come. The shops had cast aside the heavy draperies appropriate for keen and frosty days, and exhibited to bright-eyed customers the more airy fabrics supposed to be fitting to the season. Gayly flowered silks, and prints and muslins in novel styles, some elegant and some grotesque, caught the loving fancy of thousands, and were speedily transferred from sales-rooms to the sequestered apartments of New York dress-makers, there to be modeled into fascinating Dolly Vardens. Alas! pretty Dolly Varden herself would have frozen in the coquettish namesake she has given to the fashionable world, had she ventured forth in it on some of the terrific days which ushered in our "gentle spring." Gentle, indeed! What a misnomer! Truly March should be put back into winter unless he disports himself more in accordance with his position. Of late years he seems to bring our severest, roughest weather, and if he is aspiring for the frosty crown of winter, last week he surely won it, and it should be placed upon his brow with the highest honors.

A restaurant has been recently opened, through the influence of philanthropic ladies, in Hartford, for the working-men of that city. The prices of the various articles of food are very low, and a comfortable reading-room, well supplied with books and newspapers, has been added to the dining-room. The design is to induce men to frequent this place in preference to bar-rooms, and thus far the experiment seems successful.

It is a curious fact that the six hundred men who are employed in cutting granite at Dix Island, Maine, for the new post-office can not prepare material fast enough for the two men who are employed to set the blocks. Each block of granite is cut, trimmed, faced, and accurately numbered according to the working plans. When it arrives at the site of the building only two men are required to set it, aided as they are by steam hoisting apparatus. Every stone is made to fit exactly in the space intended for it. So accurate are all the plans of the supervising architect that it is stated that the superintendent of the post-office building has only been obliged to order one stone during the entire work thus far, and the foreman at Dix Island insists that the missing one was sent, but must have been lost in the transportation.

The first "Great Medal of Honor" ever awarded by the American Institute to an inventor of that association was recently presented to Mr. James Lyall, inventor of the "Positive-motion Loom." This invention has been applied with great success to the weaving of cloths of all kinds, performing much more work in the same time than is possible by the old processes. This medal was awarded in 1869, but was not presented to Mr. Lyall until a short time ago. As the "Great Medal of Honor" is awarded only in recognition of such inventions as are calculated to work a revolution in the industries to which they are applied, the young inventor may justly prize this tribute to its worth.

The well-known novelist, Edmund Yates, is expected to visit America soon, for the purpose of lecturing on the literary men of the times.

It must be of great importance to understand exactly the law of different places. Law is a very curious thing. For example, in a recent case in the courts of St. Louis a legal definition of what is in that city considered the distinction between temperance and drunkenness was given. An attorney, having been put upon the stand to enlighten the jury as to this point, testified that "a drunkard is a man who gets drunk or drinks when he can get at liquor. If a man gets drunk in the daytime he is a man of no character; but if he drinks in his own house all night there can be no objection to it."

A monster of the deep, neither whale nor shark, has been discovered off the coast of Brazil. The report is that his body is over fifty feet long and seven feet in diameter, and that his mouth is large enough to allow a person to stand upright between the jaws when they are open, or to sit comfortably in the cavity when they are closed. No mention is made, however, of the Jonah who has tested the creature's capacities.

Ferry travel between New York and Brooklyn was first established in 1642 by a hard-working Hollander. The business was commenced on a small scale, to be sure. A horn was hung on a tree near Peck Slip, and in response to its summons a small skiff took the few passengers across the river for a small sum, payable in wampum. In 1655 a more elaborate arrangement was made, a ferry ordinance having been passed by the officials of New Amsterdam. Ferry-houses were built, and rates established by law. After 1667, when the rights and privileges of a town were confirmed by patent upon Brooklyn, the establishment of ferries became a sort of bone of contention between New York and Brooklyn, which served for both sides of the river to pick upon for something like a hundred years. Just before the Revolutionary war three regular ferries were established.

Monterey County, California, boasts of a human curiosity in the shape of a little Digger boy who is employed on a sheep ranch. He herds about eight hundred sheep all by himself, and the overseer says he knows every one by sight, and at night he will mount a fence and tell whether one is missing. He is about fourteen years old, full of mischief, turning somersaults and performing all sorts of feats with the agility of a cat. He pays little attention to the sheep during the day, but at night brings them all together.

The following story is told of Colonel Samuel Colt, who in his lifetime was sometimes inclined to be a trifle pompous. When he was building dwelling-houses for the workmen employed in his great pistol factory he one day encountered a boy picking up chips on his grounds.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, gruffly.

"Picking up chips, Sir," replied the youngster, evidently unawed by the great presence.

"Perhaps," exclaimed the colonel, drawing himself up with dignity, "you don't know who I am. I'm Colonel Samuel Colt, and I live in that big house up yonder."

The boy straightened up and swelled out and answered, "Perhaps you don't know who *I* am. I'm Patrick Murphy, and I live in that little shanty down yonder," pointing in the direction.

"Sonny," said the colonel, blandly, patting the boy on the head, "go on and pick up all the chips you want, and when you get out come back for more."

Vesuvius is beginning again to exhibit signs of activity, and to show symptoms of an approaching eruption. Smoke in great volumes and ashes are emitted from the crater, and even at Naples flames can be seen during the night, so that visitors in that city may be treated to a grand spectacle before long.

Disastrous floods in the Missouri River are apprehended during the spring. The fall of snow in that section of country has been unusually great this year, and when the thaw commences it is feared that great damage will follow. There have been many heavy floods in the Missouri within a century; but the most serious one occurred in 1785, when the waters rose thirty feet above the ordinary level, submerging about seven hundred square miles of the best farming land in the world.

An eccentric descendant of Roger Williams—Betsy Williams by name—recently died, leaving her whole estate, valued at two millions of dollars, to the city of Providence, Rhode Island. So very queer was this old lady that—since her will has been kuown, especially—her heirs at law declare that she was not in any wise of a sound mind.

Brain-work seems not to be on the decrease, when the number of new books which appeared in England last year was over three thousand and five hundred. There were also one thousand and three hundred editions of previous works. The new literature of Russia is represented in the statistics of 1871 by no less than 1359 works, published in thirty-one different cities of the empire. Many of these are on political subjects, while jurisprudence, language, and history form a prominent portion.

Next season visitors will be carried by rail within eight miles of the famous Yosemite Valley. The horseback ride is reduced to two and a half miles; the fare from San Francisco will be $22, and the time of the trip a day and a half. These facilities will bring many visitors.

Mr. Spurgeon is of the opinion that when people, particularly preachers, have nothing important to say, they take a long time about it, but when they have something worth telling they "out with it at once." It was Dr. Chalmers who, on being asked how long it took to make a sermon, replied, "That depends upon how long you want it. If your sermon is to be half an hour long, it will take you three days. If it is to be three-quarters of an hour, it may take you two days, or perhaps only one; but if you are going to preach for an hour, why there is not much occasion to think a great deal about it. It may be done in an hour."

A good story is told of an Illinois gentleman, whose home is in Peoria, and who is connected with the Peoria Railroad. Immediately on hearing of the great fire in Chicago he made arrangements for the free transportation of provisions over the road. He then purchased a number of good hams and sent them home, with the request to his wife to cook them for Chicago. He then ordered the baker to put up fifty loaves of bread. He was kept busy during the day until five o'clock. Just as he was starting for home the baker informed him that the hundred loaves of bread were ready.

"But I only ordered fifty," said Mr. H——.

"Mrs. H—— also ordered fifty," said the baker.

"All right," said he, and inwardly blessed his wife for the generous deed.

Arriving at home, he found his little boy dressed in a fine cloth suit, carrying in wood. He told him he must change his clothes.

"But mother sent all my clothes to Chicago," replied the boy.

He sat down to supper without butter, because all that could be purchased had been sent to Chicago. There were no pickles—the poor souls in Chicago would relish them so much.

A little "put out," but not a bit angry, Mr. H—— went to the wardrobe to get his overcoat, but it was not there. An interrogatory revealed the fact that it fitted in the box "real nicely," and he needed a new overcoat any way, although he had paid fifty dollars for the one in question only a few days before. Further examination showed that all the rest of his clothes fitted the box "real nicely," for not a garment did he possess except those he had on.

While he admitted the generosity of his wife, he thought the matter was getting entirely too personal, and turned to her with the characteristic inquiry,

"Do you think we can stand an *encore* on that Chicago fire?"

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE SAUNTER IN TOWN.

As Atlee sauntered along toward Downing Street, whence he purposed to dispatch his telegram to Greece, he thought a good deal of his late interview with Lord Danesbury. There was much in it that pleased him. He had so far succeeded in *re* Kostalergi that the case was not scouted out of court; the matter, at least, was to be entertained, and even that was something. The fascination of a scheme to be developed, an intrigue to be worked out, had for his peculiar nature a charm little short of ecstasy. The demand upon his resources for craft and skill, concealment and duplicity, was only second in his estimation to the delight he felt at measuring his intellect with some other, and seeing whether, in the game of subtlety, he had his master.

Next to this, but not without a long interval, was the pleasure he felt at the terms in which Lord Danesbury spoke of him. No orator accustomed to hold an assembly enthralled by his eloquence—no actor habituated to sway the passions of a crowded theatre—is more susceptible to the promptings of personal vanity than your "practiced talker." The man who devotes himself to be a "success" in conversation glories more in his triumphs, and sets a greater value on his gifts, than any other I know of.

That men of mark and station desired to meet him, that men whose position secured to them the advantage of associating with the pleasantest people and the freshest minds—men who commanded, so to say, the best talking in society—wished to confer with and to hear *him*, was an intense flattery, and he actually longed for the occasion of display. He had learned a good deal since he had left Ireland. He had less of that fluency which Irishmen cultivate, seldom ventured on an epigram, never on an anecdote, was guardedly circumspect as to statements of fact, and, on the whole, liked to understand his case, and affect distrust of his own opinion. Though there was not one of these which were not more or less restrictions on him, he could be brilliant and witty when occasion served, and there was an incisive neatness in his repartee in which he had no equal. Some of those he was to meet were well known among the most agreeable people of society, and he rejoiced that at least if he were to be put upon his trial, he should be judged by his peers.

With all these flattering prospects, was it not strange that his lordship never dropped a word, nor even a hint, as to his personal career? He had told him, indeed, that he could not hope for success at Cradford, and laughingly said, "You have left Odger miles behind you in your Radicalism. Up to this we have had no Parliament in England sufficiently advanced for your opinions." On the whole, however, if not followed up—which Lord Danesbury strongly objected to its being—he said there was no great harm in a young man making his first advances in political life by something startling. They are only fireworks, it is true; the great requisite is that they be brilliant, and do not go out with a smoke and a bad smell!

Beyond this he had told him nothing. Was he minded to take him out to Turkey, and as what? He had already explained to him that the old days in which a clever fellow could be drafted at once into a secretaryship of Embassy were gone by; that though a Parliamentary title was held to supersede all others, whether in the case of a man or a landed estate, it was all-essential to be in the House for *that*, and that a diplomatist, like a sweep, must begin when he is little.

"As his private secretary," thought he, "the position is at once fatal to all my hopes with regard to Lady Maude." There was not a woman living more certain to measure a man's pretensions by his station. "Hitherto I have not been 'classed.' I might be any body, or go any where. My wide capabilities seemed to say that if I descended to do small things, it would be quite as easy for me to do great ones; and though I copied dispatches, they would have been rather better if I had drafted them also."

Lady Maude knew this. She knew the esteem in which her uncle held him. She knew how that uncle, shrewd man of the world as he was, valued the sort of qualities he saw in him, and could, better than most men, decide how far such gifts were marketable, and what price they brought to their possessor.

"And yet," cried he, "they don't know one half of me! What would they say if they knew that it was I wrote the great paper on Turkish Finance in the *Mémorial Diplomatique*, and the review of it in the *Quarterly;* that it was I who exposed the miserable compromise of Thiers with Gambetta in the *Débats*, and defended him in the *Daily News;* that the hysterical scream of the *Kreutz Zeitung*, and the severe article on Bismarck in the *Fortnightly* were both mine; and that at this moment I am urging in the *Pike* how the Fenian prisoners must be amnestied, and showing in a London review that if they are liberated Mr. Gladstone should be attainted for high treason? I should like well to let them know all this; and I'm not sure I would not risk all the consequences to do it."

And then he as suddenly bethought him how little account men of letters were held in by the Lady Maudes of this world; what a humble place they assigned them socially; and how small they estimated their chances of worldly success!

"It is the unrealism of literature as a career strikes them; and they can not see how men are to assure themselves of the '*quoi vivre*' by providing what so few want, and even they could exist without."

It was in reverie of this fashion he walked the streets, as little cognizant of the crowd around him as if he were sauntering along some rippling stream in a mountain gorge.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

A DARKENED ROOM.

The "comatose" state, to use the language of the doctors, into which Gorman O'Shea had fallen had continued so long as to excite the greatest apprehensions of his friends; for although not amounting to complete insensibility, it left him so apathetic and indifferent to every thing and every one that the girls, Kate and Nina, in pure despair, had given up reading or talking to him, and passed their hours of "watching" in perfect silence in the half-darkened room.

The stern immobility of his pale features, the glassy and meaningless stare of his large blue eyes, the unvarying rhythm of a long-drawn respiration, were signs that at length became more painful to contemplate than evidences of actual suffering; and as day by day went on, and interest grew more and more eager about the trial, which was fixed for the coming Assize, it was pitiable to see him, whose fate was so deeply pledged on the issue, unconscious of all that went on around him, and not caring to know any of those details the very least of which might determine his future lot.

The instructions drawn up for the defense were sadly in need of the sort of information which the sick man alone could supply; and Nina and Kate had both been entreated to watch for the first favorable moment that should present itself, and ask certain questions, the answers to which would be of the last importance.

Though Gill's affidavit gave many evidences of unscrupulous falsehood, there was no counter-evidence to set against it, and O'Shea's counsel complained strongly of the meagre instructions which were briefed to him in the case, and his utter inability to construct a defense upon them.

"He said he would tell me something this evening, Kate," said Nina; "so, if you will let me, I will go in your place and remind him of his promise."

This hopeful sign of returning intelligence was so gratifying to Kate that she readily consented to the proposition of her cousin taking "her watch," and, if possible, learning something of his wishes.

"He said it," continued Nina, "like one talking to himself, and it was not easy to follow him. The words, as well as I could make out, were, 'I will say it to-day—this evening, if I can. When it is said'—here he muttered something, but I can not say whether the words were, 'My mind will be at rest,' or 'I shall be at rest for evermore.'"

Kate did not utter a word, but her eyes swam, and two large tears stole slowly down her face.

"His own conviction is that he is dying," said Nina; but Kate never spoke.

"The doctors persist," continned Nina, "in declaring that this depression is only a well-known symptom of the attack, and that all affections of the brain are marked by a certain tone of despondency. They even say more, and that the cases where this symptom predominates are more frequently followed by recovery. Are you listening to me, child?"

"No: I was following some thoughts of my own."

"I was merely telling you why I think he is getting better."

Kate leaned her head on her cousin's shoulder, and she did not speak. The heaving motion of her shoulders and her chest betrayed the agitation she could not subdue.

"I wish his aunt were here; I see how her absence frets him. Is she too ill for the journey?" asked Nina.

"She says not, and she seems in some way to be coerced by others; but a telegram this morning announces she would try and reach Kilgobbin this evening."

"What could coercion mean? Surely this is mere fancy?"

"I am not so certain of that. The convent has great hopes of inheriting her fortune. She is rich, and she is a devout Catholic; and we have heard of cases where zeal for the Church has pushed discretion very far."

"What a worldly creature it is!" cried Nina; "and who would have suspected it?"

"I do not see the worldliness of my believing that people will do much to serve the cause they follow. When chemists tells us that there is no finding such a thing as a glass of pure water, where are we to go for pure motives?"

"To one's heart, of course," said Nina; but the curl of her perfectly cut upper lip as she said it scarcely vouched for the sincerity.

On that same evening, just as the last flickerings of twilight were dying away, Nina stole into the sick-room and took her place noiselessly beside the bed.

Slowly moving his arm without turning his head, or by any gesture whatever acknowledging her presence, he took her hand and pressed it to his burning lips, and then laid it upon his cheek. She made no effort to withdraw her hand, and sat perfectly still and motionless.

"Are we alone?" whispered he, in a voice hardly audible.

"Yes, quite alone."

"If I should say what—displease you," faltered he, his agitation making speech more difficult; "how shall I tell?" And once more he pressed her hand to his lips.

"No, no; have no fears of displeasing me. Say what you would like to tell me."

"It is this, then," said he, with an effort. "I am dying with my secret in my heart. I am dying, to carry away with me the love I am not to tell—my love for you, Kate."

"I am *not* Kate," was almost on her lips, but her struggle to keep silent was aided by that desire, so strong in her nature, to follow out a situation of difficulty to the end. She did not love him, nor did she desire his love; but a strange sense of injury at hearing his profession of love for another shot a pang of intense suffering through her heart, and she lay back in her chair with a cold feeling of sickness like fainting. The overpowering passion of her nature was jealousy, and to share even the admiration of a salon, the "passing homage," as such deference is called, with another, was a something no effort of her generosity could compass.

Though she did not speak, she suffered her hand to remain unresistingly within his own. After a short pause he went on: "I thought yesterday that I was dying, and in my rambling intellect I thought I took leave of you; and do you know my last words—my last words, Kate?"

"No; what were they?"

"My last words were these, 'Beware of the Greek; have no friendship with the Greek.'"

"And why that warning?" said she, in a low, faint voice.

"She is not of us, Kate; none of her ways or thoughts are ours, nor would they suit us. She is subtle and clever and sly, and these only mislead those who live simple lives."

"May it not be that you wrong her?"

"I have tried to learn her nature."

"Not to love it?"

"I believe I was beginning to love her—just when you were cold to me. You remember when?"

"I do; and it was this coldness was the cause. Was it the only cause?"

"No, no. She has wiles and ways which, with her beauty, make her nigh irresistible."

"And now you are cured of this passion? There is no trace of it in your breast?"

"Not a vestige. But why speak of her?"

"Perhaps I am jealous."

Once more he pressed his lips to her hand and kissed it rapturously.

"No, Kate," cried he, "none but you have the place in my heart. Whenever I have tried a treason it has turned against me. Is there light enough in the room to find a small portfolio of red-brown leather? It is on that table yonder."

Had the darkness been not almost complete, Nina would scarcely have ventured to rise and cross the room, so fearful was she of being recognized.

"It is locked," said she, as she laid it beside him on the bed; but touching a secret spring, he opened it, and passed his fingers hurriedly through the papers within.

"I believe it must be this," said he. "I think I know the feel of the paper. It is a telegram from my aunt: the doctor gave it to me last night. We read it over together four or five times. This is it, and these are the words: 'If Kate will be your wife, the estate of O'Shea's Barn is your own forever.'"

"Is she to have no time to think over this offer?" asked she.

"Would you like candles, miss?" asked a maid-servant, of whose presence there neither of the others had been aware.

"No, nor are you wanted," said Nina, haughtily, as she arose, while it was not without some difficulty she withdrew her hand from the sick man's grasp.

"I know," said he, falteringly, "you would not leave me if you had not left hope to keep me company in your absence. Is not that so, Kate?"

"By-by," said she, softly, and stole away.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

AN ANGRY COLLOQUY.

It was with passionate eagerness Nina set off in search of Kate. Why she should have felt herself wronged, outraged, insulted even, is not so easy to say, nor shall I attempt any analysis of the complex web of sentiments which, so to say, spread itself over her faculties. The man who had so wounded her self-love had been at her feet, he had followed her in her walks, hung over the piano as she sang—shown by a thousand signs that sort of devotion by which men intimate that their lives have but one solace, one ecstasy, one joy. By what treachery had he been moved to all this, if he really loved another? That he was simply amusing himself with the sort of flirtation she herself could take up as a mere pastime was not to believed. That the worshiper should be insincere in his worship was too dreadful to think of. And yet it was to this very man she had once turned to avenge herself on Walpole's treatment of her; she had even said, "Could you not make a quarrel with him?" Now no woman of foreign breeding puts such a question without the perfect consciousness that, in accepting a man's championship, she has virtually admitted his devotion. Her own levity of character, the thoughtless indifference with which she would sport with any man's affections, so far from inducing her to palliate such caprices, made her more severe and unforgiving. "How shall I punish him for this? How shall I make him remember whom it is he has insulted?" repeated she over and over to herself as she went.

The servants passed her on the stairs with trunks and luggage of various kinds; but she was too much engrossed with her own thoughts to notice them. Suddenly the words, "Mr.

Walpole's room," caught her ear, and she asked, "Has any one come?"

Yes; two gentlemen had just arrived. A third was to come that night, and Miss O'Shea might be expected at any moment.

"Where was Miss Kate?" she inquired.

"In her own room at the top of the house."

Thither she hastened at once.

"Be a dear good girl," cried Kate as Nina entered, "and help me in my many embarrassments. Here are a flood of visitors all coming unexpectedly. Major Lockwood and Mr. Walpole have come. Miss Betty will be here for dinner, and Mr. Atlee, whom we all believed to be in Asia, may arrive to-night. I shall be able to feed them; but how to lodge them with any pretension to comfort is more than I can see."

"I am in little humor to aid any one. I have my own troubles—worse ones, perhaps, than playing hostess to disconsolate travelers."

"And what are your troubles, dear Nina?"

"I have half a mind not to tell you. You ask me with that supercilious air that seems to say, 'How can a creature like you be of interest enough to any one or any thing to have a difficulty?'"

"I force no confidences," said the other, coldly.

"For that reason you shall have them—at least this one. What will you say when I tell you that young O'Shea has made me a declaration, a formal declaration of love?"

"I should say that you need not speak of it as an insult nor an offense."

"Indeed! and if so, you would say what was perfectly wrong. It was both insult and offense—yes, both. Do you know that the man mistook me for *you*, and called me *Kate?*"

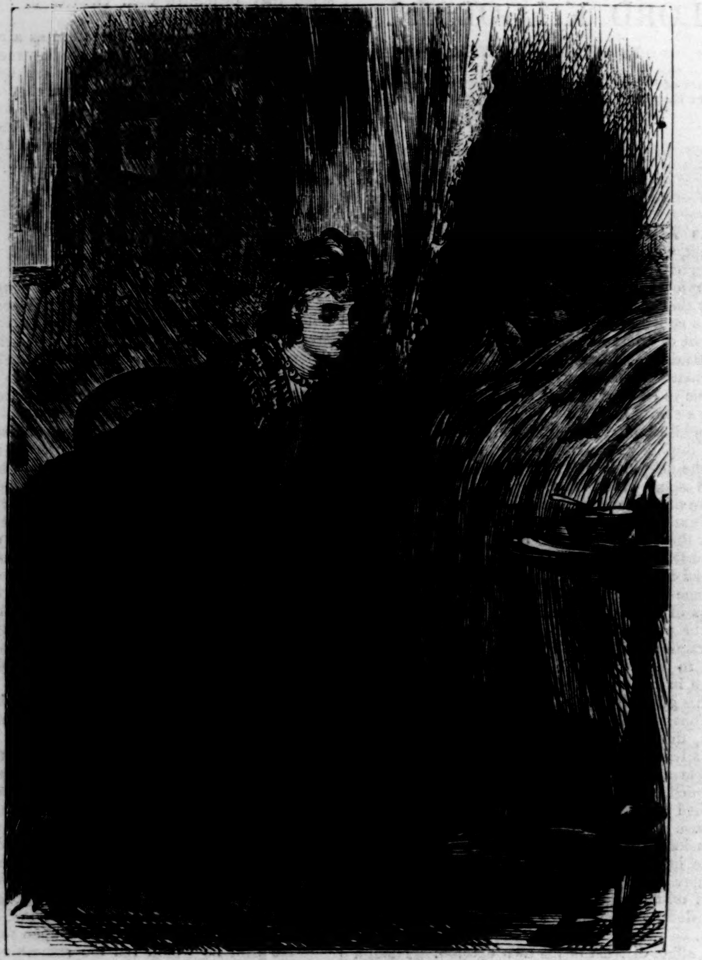
"How could this be possible?"

"In a darkened room, with a sick man slowly rallying from a long attack of stupor; nothing of me to be seen but my hand, which he devoured with kisses—raptures, indeed, Kate, of which I had no conception till I experienced them by counterfeit!"

"Oh! Nina, this is not fair!"

"It is true, child. The man caught my hand, and declared he would never quit it till I promised it should be his own. Nor was he content with this; but, anticipating his right to be lord and master, he bade you beware of *me!* 'Beware of that Greek girl!' were his words—words strenghtened by what he said of my character and my temperament. I shall spare you, and I shall spare myself, his acute comments on the nature he dreaded to see in companionship with his wife. I have had good training in learning these unbiased judgments—my early life abounded in such experiences—but this young gentleman's cautions were candor itself."

"I am sincerely sorry for what has pained you."



"SHE SUFFERED HER HAND TO REMAIN UNRESISTINGLY WITHIN HIS OWN."

"I did not say it was this boy's foolish words had wounded me so acutely. I could bear sterner critics than he is—his very blundering misconception of me would always plead his pardon. How could he, or how could they with whom he lived and talked, and smoked and swaggered, know of me or such as me? What could there be in the monotonous vulgarity of their tiresome lives that should teach them what we are, or what we wish to be? By what presumption did he dare to condemn all that he could not understand?"

"You are angry, Nina; and I will not say without some cause."

"What ineffable generosity! You can really constrain youself to believe that I have been insulted!"

"I should not say insulted."

"You can not be an honest judge in such a cause. Every outrage offered to *me* was an act of homage to *yourself!* If you but knew how I burned to tell him who it was whose hand he held in his, and to whose ears he had poured out his raptures! To tell him, too, how the Greek girl would have resented his presumption had he but dared to indulge it! One of the women-servants, it would seem, was a witness to this boy's declaration. I think it was Mary was in the room, I do not know for how long, but she announced her presence by asking some question about candles. In fact, I shall have become a servants'-hall scandal by this time."

"There need not be any fear of that, Nina; there are no bad tongues among our people."

"I know all that. I know we live amidst human perfectabilities—all of Irish manufacture, and warranted to be genuine."

"I would hope that some of your impressions of Ireland are not unfavorable?"

"I scarcely know. I suppose you understand each other, and are tolerant about capricious moods and ways, which to strangers might seem to have a deeper significance. I believe you are not as hasty, or as violent, or as rash as you seem, and I am sure you are not as impulsive in your generosity, or as headlong in your affections. Not exactly that you mean to be false, but you are hypocrites to yourselves."

"A very flattering picture of us."

"I do not mean to flatter you; and it is to this end I say you are Italians without the subtlety of the Italian, and Greeks without their genius. You need not courtesy so profoundly. I could say worse than this, Kate, if I were minded to do so."

"Pray do not be so minded, then. Pray remember that, even when you wound me, I can not return the thrust."

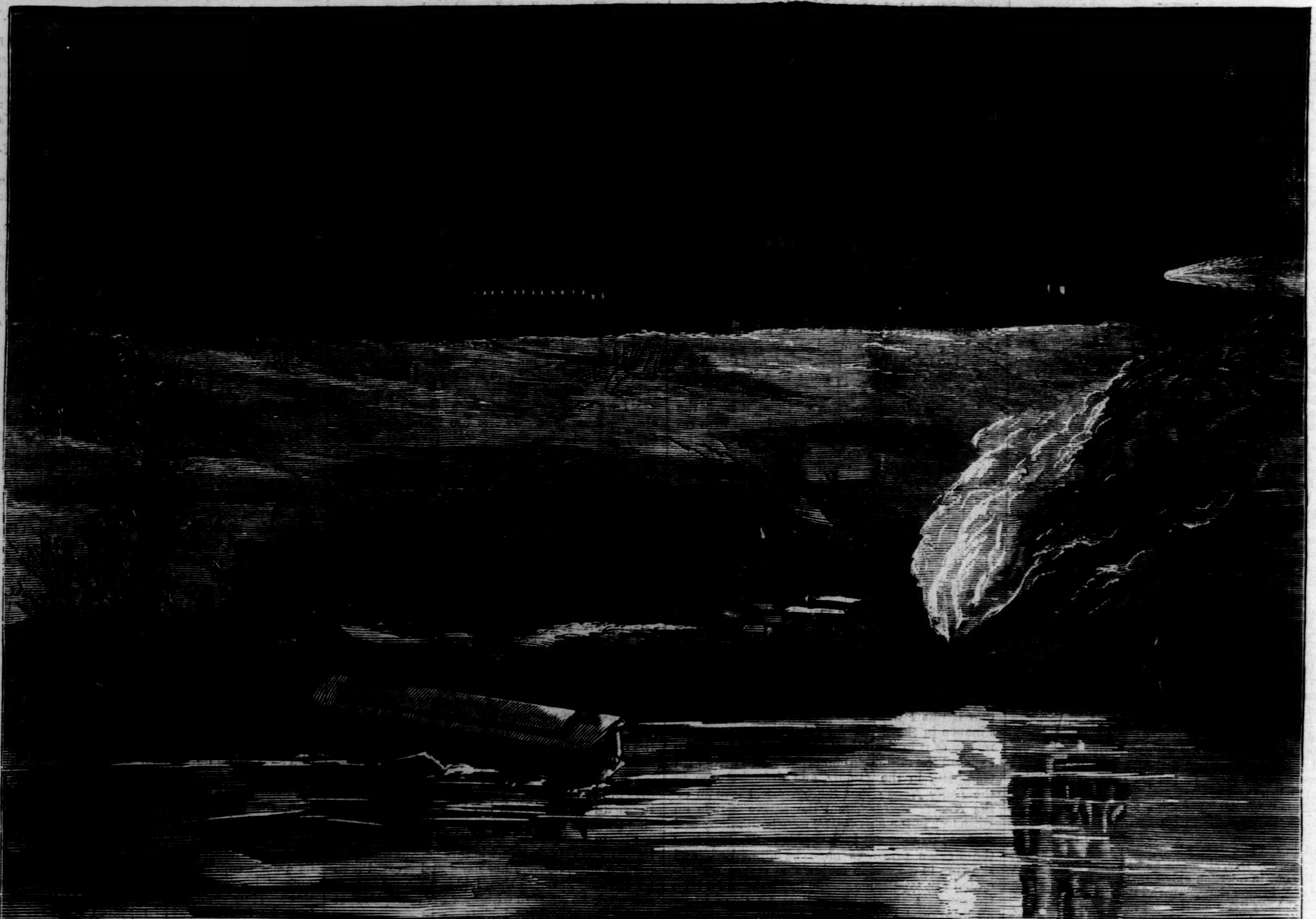
"I know what you mean," cried Nina, rapidly. "You are veritable Arabs in your estimate of hospitality, and he who has eaten your salt is sacred."

"You remind me of what I had nigh forgotten, Nina—of our coming guests."

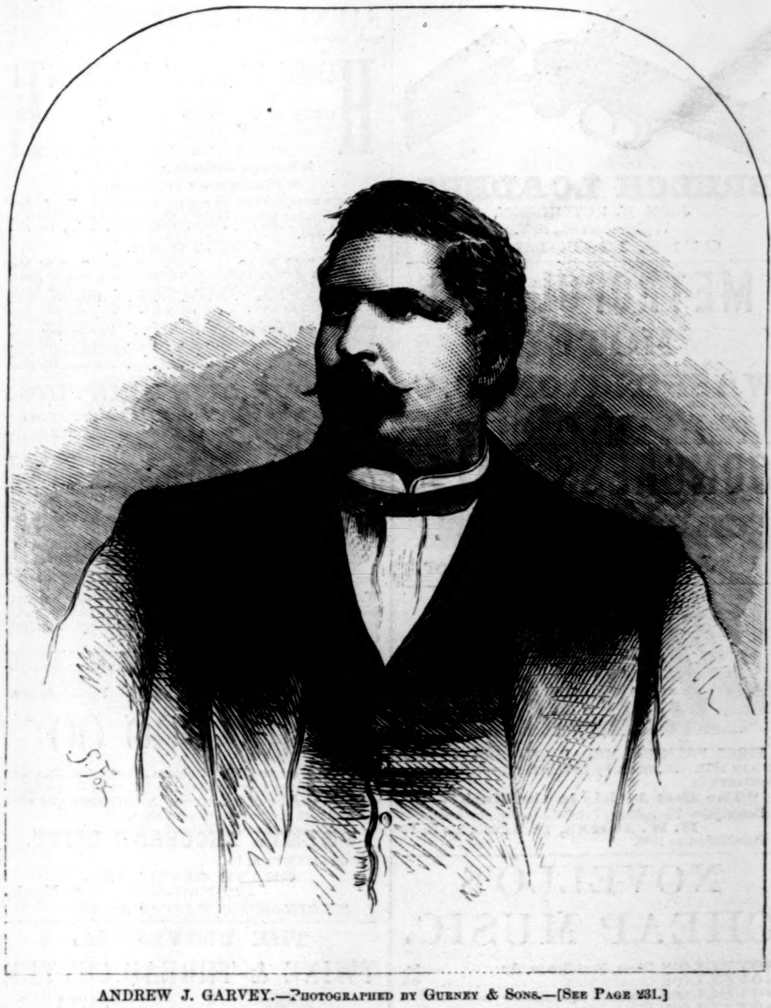
"Do you know why Walpole and his friend are coming?"

"They are already come, Nina—they are out walking with papa; but what has brought them here I can not guess, and, since I have heard your description of Ireland, I can not imagine."

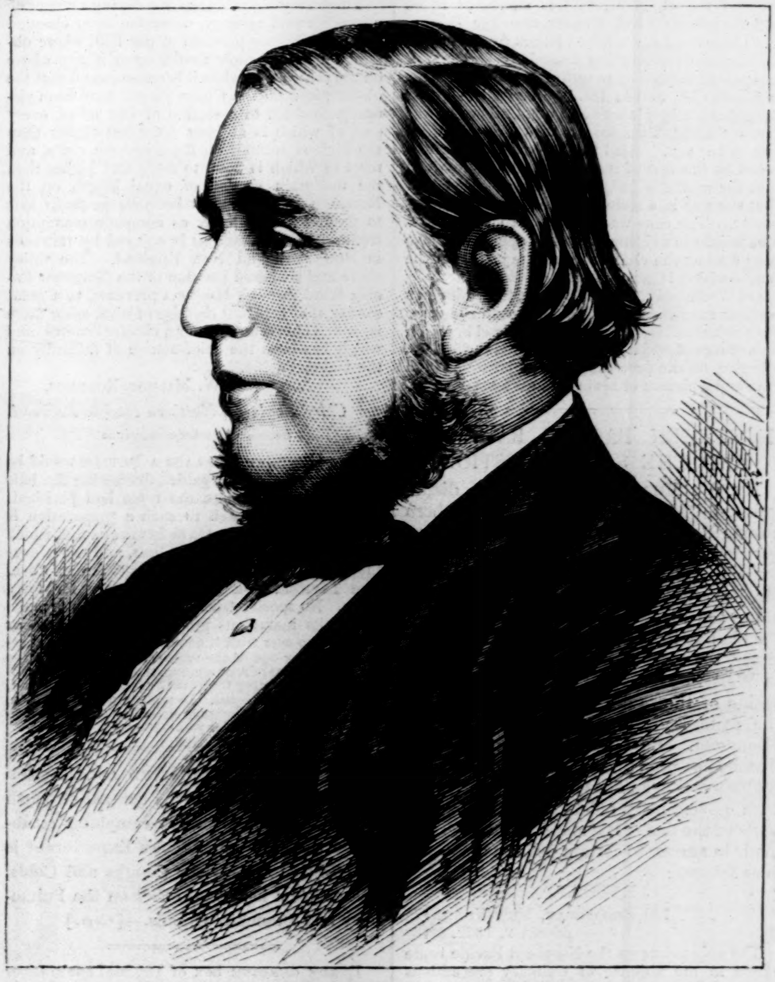
"Nor can I," said she, indolently, and moved away.



ACCIDENT TO THE BOSTON EXPRESS, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY HORATIO KING.—[SEE PAGE 229.]



ANDREW J. GARVEY.—Photographed by Gurney & Sons.—[See Page 231.]



THE TICHBORNE CASE—THE CLAIMANT.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

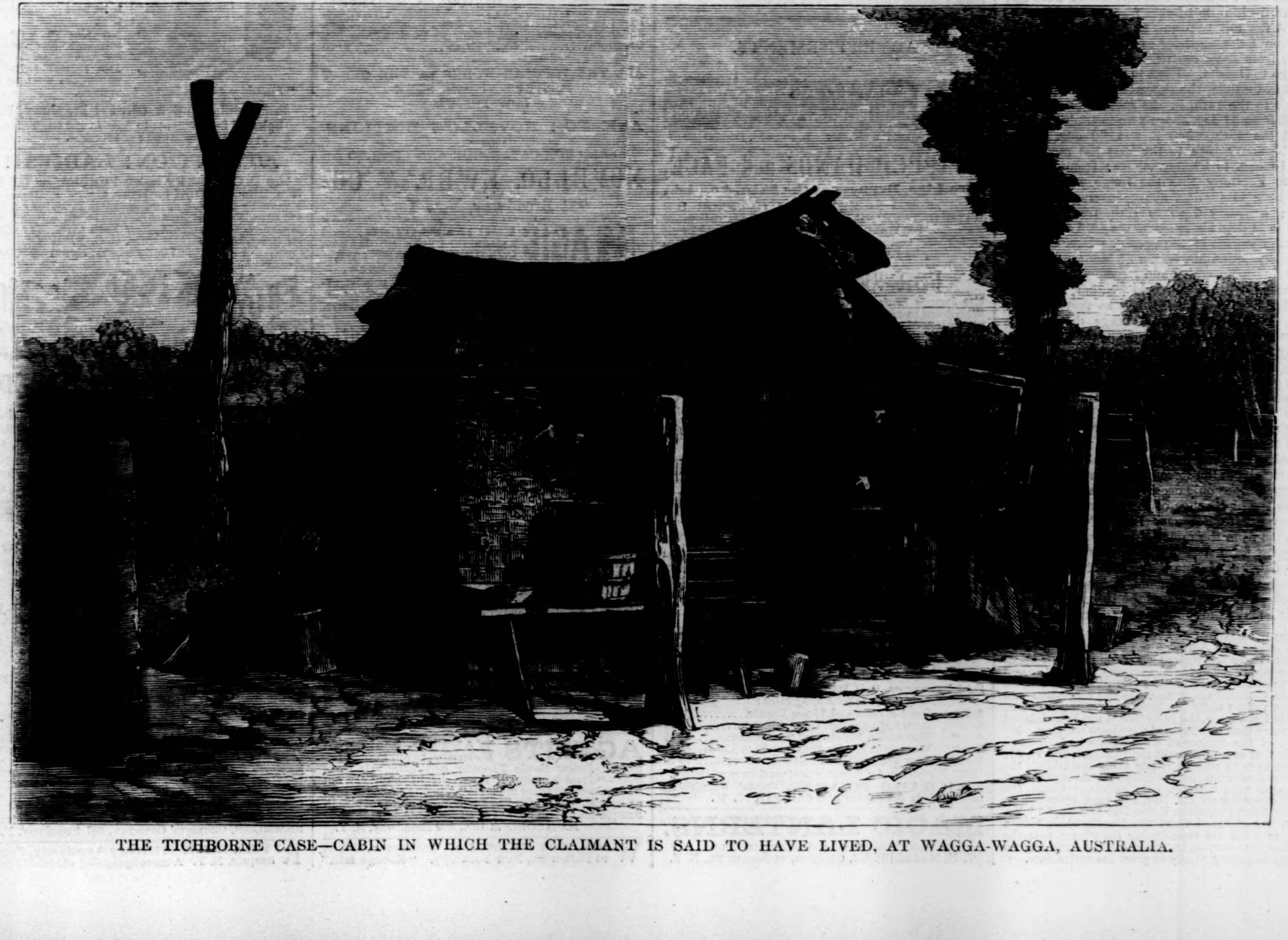
The announcement of the jury in the celebrated Tichborne case that they had heard sufficient evidence on which to base a verdict brought to an unexpectedly abrupt termination one of the most remarkable trials on record. It had lasted 114 days. The most eminent counsel in the kingdom were engaged on both sides, and no trial, perhaps, ever excited more interest in Europe and America. Though the case has gone against the claimant, there are, no doubt, many persons who still consider him the lawful heir to the Tichborne baronetcy. If he be an impostor, as the jury have decided, his attempt was certainly one of the most remarkable conspiracies to obtain possession of a title and a large estate of which we have any record in modern times.

The story, in brief outline, is this: In 1853 Roger Tichborne, eldest son of Sir James Tichborne, left home for a long absence. He sailed from Havre on the 1st of March for Valparaiso, at which port he arrived in June, the same year. During his stay in South America, which lasted from this time until the 20th of April in the following year, he traveled extensively, from Rio to Buenos Ayres, crossing the Cordilleras, and staying in many of the prominent cities on the South Pacific coast. From time to time affectionate letters reached his family and friends in England, dated at the various places where he stopped during his wanderings. On the 20th of April, 1854, he sailed from Rio in a ship called the *Bella*, which foundered at sea, and was treated by the owners and underwriters as lost. A Chancery suit was instituted, in which his death was legally proved. Year after year rolled by; his cousin Kate, to whom he had been engaged, married Mr. Radcliffe; his father died, and his death was widely published; but nothing was heard of the son until the plaintiff set up his claim.

The claimant's case is that he is Roger Tichborne; that he was picked up at sea with several of the seamen, and carried to Melbourne; but of this there has been no other evidence than his own statement.

In 1862 he was at Wagga-Wagga, Australia, where he was occupied with horses, slaughtering, etc. There he formed the acquaintance of a man named Gibbes, through whom the conspiracy, if such it was, is thought to have been arranged.

In 1865 Lady Tichborne saw in the London *Times* the advertisement of a "Missing Friends' Office" in Sydney, to which she transmitted a description of her long-lost son; and it is the theory of the defense that unscrupulous parties, to secure the reward promised for his discovery,



THE TICHBORNE CASE—CABIN IN WHICH THE CLAIMANT IS SAID TO HAVE LIVED, AT WAGGA-WAGGA, AUSTRALIA.

induced the claimant, who is suspected to be one **Arthur Orton**, to personate Sir **Roger**. S[illegible] afterward she received letters from a person in Australia representing himself to be her son, and asking for money to return to England. This was sent him, and in 1867 he arrived in Paris, accompanied by his wife and child, where he was met by Lady **Tichborne**, who acknowledged him as her son. His identity was, however, disputed by the rest of the family, who maintained that the mother's judgment was weakened, and that she was in a state to be deceived by an impostor. The case was carried into the courts. The weight of evidence certainly appears to have been against the claimant, and the justice of the final decision is generally acknowledged.

On Wednesday, the 6th instant, the claimant's counsel announced that they gave up the case. He was immediately arrested and lodged in prison on a charge of perjury, bail being fixed at £50,000. We give, on the preceding page, a portrait of the man and a picture of his cabin in Wagga-Wagga.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD AND THE SNOW QUESTION.

Mr. W. Milnor Roberts, the distinguished Chief Engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has made a statement regarding the snow problem on the Northern route which has special interest just now. Mr. Roberts spent the winter of 1870–'71 along the Western section of the Northern Pacific line in Oregon and Washington Territory, the early part of the present winter in Western Montana, near the highest elevation of the route, and has since been on the eastern portion of the road, through Minnesota. Besides this personal inspection, he has been in constant communication with surveying and construction parties, and with government officials on the various parts of the line. His statement, which was made in answer to certain definite questions, is as follows:

REPORT.

120 Broadway, New York,
March 2, 1872.

The only points on the Northern Pacific route where in the absence of ordinary precautions there would be reason to anticipate occasional difficulty from snow, are at and near the Bozeman Pass, in Montana, and toward the western part of Minnesota. As to the necessity for unusual precautions against snow, if the route *via* the Yellowstone Valley, Deer Lodge Pass, Clark's Fork, and Columbia River be adopted, I do not apprehend that any would be needed.

The present winter is a remarkable one almost every where; but it is my opinion that, with well-constructed fences at the most exposed points, the *Northern Pacific Railroad can unquestionably be kept open for regular traffic its entire length across the continent through similar winters hereafter, should they occur.* Our road from Duluth to Oak Lake (about 200 miles) has been free most of the way this winter *without* snow fences, and the Lake Superior and Mississippi and the St. Paul and Pacific Roads, Minnesota, have had comparatively little trouble from snow this winter. A few miles of snow fences will render our line from Lake Superior to the Missouri River as free from snow obstructions as the line from Chicago to Omaha. Even in the Rocky Mountains, in Montana, the thermometer, from January 8th to the 14th, in the middle of the day, ranged from 37 deg. above zero to 48 deg. above, except the 12th, when it was 30 deg. above. From January 15th to the 21st the range was from 15 deg. to 37 deg. above; from January 29th to February 12th the range was from 2 deg. above to 44 deg. above—average 26 deg. above; February 12th to 18th, from 26 deg. above to 54 deg. above—average 42.5 deg. The first snow storms of the present winter came in the Rocky Mountain region of Montana unusually early (in November and December), were accompanied by unusually cold weather, and were regarded by the oldest settlers as very remarkable. Most winters cattle range through the valleys of this region without difficulty, and are usually fatter in spring than when turned out on the approach of winter, feeding on the nutritious bunch grass; and the editor of the Helena *Herald* estimates the loss of cattle in Montana the past winter at less than one per cent. At Helena, in the mountains, during the severe weather referred to, the lowest thermometer was about 30 deg. below zero, and from 20 deg. to 30 deg. below in the vicinity of the Bozeman summit. But such low temperature only occurred for a few days, as witness the high range of the thermometer from January 8th to February 18th. My latest information from the mountain sections of our line is a report from Assistant Engineer J. W. Flenniken, dated at Helena, February 12th, and fully corroborated by letters from residents of other portions of Montana, dated the 19th. From the former I make the following extract:

> I have not heard of any very serious snows on any of our lines. The Jefferson has but very little on it. Maj. Pease, who just arrived here from the Crow Agency, says that between the Agency and the divide there is but little snow. Between Forts Shaw and Benton it has disappeared altogether. In the Bitter-root and Missoula valleys there has been none of any account. So far as I can learn, the snow would not have delayed trains more than one day had they been running. My opinion of the danger of deep snows and frequent drifts is that at no time will the Northern and Pacific Railroad have to encounter any thing resembling the trouble and vexation that the Union Pacific is suffering. The wagon road between here and Deer Lodge, the highest elevation on our line, has been open and in good condition ever since it was first broken. * * * Mr. Sparks, just returned from the Muscle Shell Valley, where his stock has been during the winter, says the snow has been very light, and the cattle have had no difficulty in getting plenty of grass the entire time.

These very favorable reports, during a winter of unprecedented severity, cover the most elevated and mountainous portions of our line, where obstructions from snow would occur if any where on the route; and when it is remembered that the obstructions on the Union Pacific have been virtually confined to a section of 180 miles, every part of which is at least 1000 feet higher than the highest summit on the Northern route, and most of which is 2500 to 3000 feet higher than the mountain section of equal length on the Northern Pacific line, it becomes perfectly safe to predict for the latter as complete exemption from winter blockade as is enjoyed by railroads in New York and New England. The valley route and sheltered position of the Northern Pacific Road through Montana prevents, to a great extent, that constant *drifting* of what snow there is, which characterizes more elevated routes, and which has been the chief source of difficulty on the Union Pacific.

W. Milnor Roberts,
Chief Engineer, Northern Pacific Railroad.

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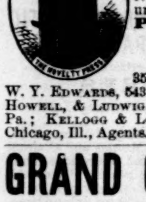

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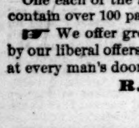

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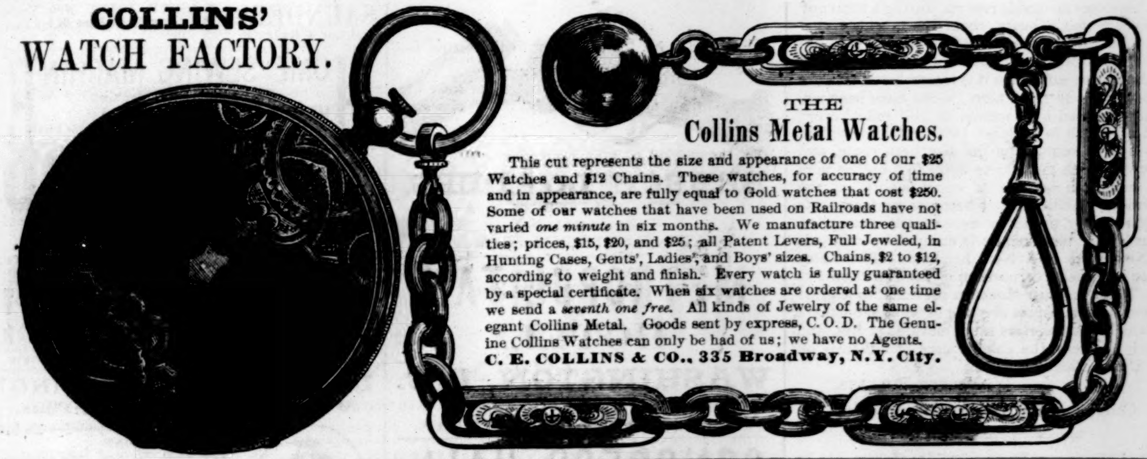

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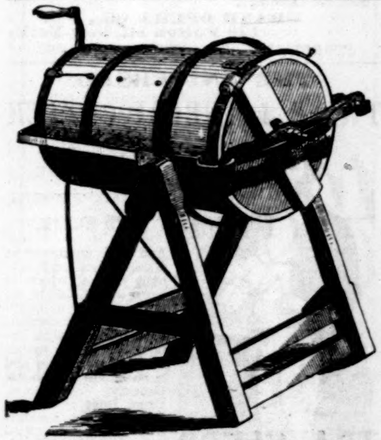

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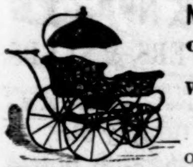

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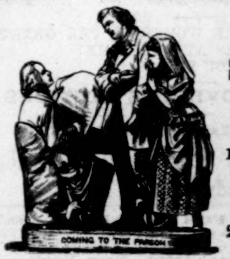

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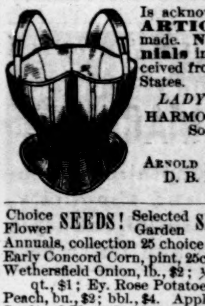

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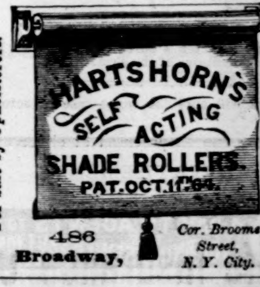

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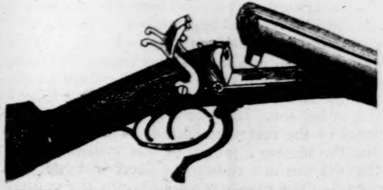

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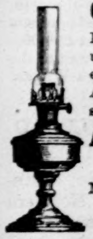

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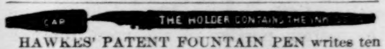

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